

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

Blue-green eyes, smudged with days of eyeliner, roll back.

Under red light, heroin pumps out of a syringe into a blue vein on white skin.

IZZY (24), her hair in a mess, black clothing shredded down nearly to threads, covered in haphazard tattoos, releases her tourniquet, drops back into a dusty, floral couch and moans.

INT. GARAGE VENUE, NIGHT.

A tattooed red head sits behind a scrappy drum kit, in front a backdrop of sloppy graffiti. He's alone on the foot-high "stage", but a sticker-covered bass guitar rig and a standing mic are set up. He twirls his sticks, bored in front of a spattering of teenage street punks and coked-out hipsters.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

She shrieks, and sighs. A man's head bobs up and down between her legs.

She pulls at his matted "locs" and guides his head, laughing.

ANTHONY

Is this okay?

Izzy thrusts her hips and rolls her head back.

IZZY

Stop talking and it'll be okay.

INT. GARAGE VENUE, NIGHT.

A barefooted man with a long, blond ponytail opens the door and pushes his way through the crowd of teenage street punks and coked-out hipsters back to the humble sound booth in the corner. He yells out,

SOUND GUY

If she's not here in the next 5 minutes-

MAX

She will be! Promise!

SOUND GUY
And where'd that other guy go?

Max hops off the stage and heads out the garage.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

ANTHONY
I've wanted to do this for so long,
I-

IZZY
Stop talking, shhh.

Anthony pushes off of her. She holds onto his head and guides him back to her cunt.

IZZY (CONT'D)
That's it!

Anthony jumps back.

ANTHONY
Wait!

IZZY
God, what?

ANTHONY
I want to do more than this. Like,
I want to spend time with you, and-

Izzy pulls her panties back on and her skirt back down.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
No, I wasn't done, I just meant-

Izzy reaches into her bag, and pulls out a plastic fifth of whiskey.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Jesus, right after you took that-
what was that?

IZZY
Just some ice and tar, why?

The door at the top of the stairs creaks open; white and yellow light floods in.

EXT. GARAGE VENUE COURTYARD, NIGHT

Pat stands in the doorway and yells into the basement.

PAT
Annie, if you're down there, you
need to not be down there!!

Izzy yells back.

IZZY
What?

PAT
We're on!

IZZY
When?

PAT
Now!

IZZY
What's now?

PAT
You're on!

IZZY
I'm on now?

PAT
What the fuck are you doing?

Izzy runs up the stairs, and hops past Pat.

IZZY
I was fixing myself. Can I have a
cigarette?

PAT
I quit.

IZZY
But I'm supposed to be playing.

PAT
Exactly.

Pat opens the door to the packed garage and pulls Annie inside, pushing her onstage where the drummer, Max, is sat behind his kit.

IZZY
Wait, where's Austin?

MAX
He was here for sound check.

Annie throws her bag and jacket onto the bass amp.

IZZY
Okay, but where is he?

PAT
Y'all ready?

IZZY
What? No! I don't have my guitar!

Max counts off with his sticks, and starts playing.

Izzy stomps and glares at him.

He cocks his head at the bass.

IZZY (CONT'D)
No. I can't do that.

Max keeps drumming. Izzy tries to pick up the bass and trips.

She catches her balance and approaches the mic.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Hey, sorry I'm late. This is a new project and, uh...

Max doubles his tempo.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm not doing this without Austin.
I can't.

MAX
Try, dammit!

IZZY
(sung) If you can't love
me, let me go, let me
go! I only wanted to
build a good home. But
you took me down the
rockiest road. If you
can't love me-

A group of hardcore kids starts laughing in the back of the venue.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Fuck this. I'm not doing shit, not
alone, I can't.

She hops off the stage, pushes through the crowd, and shoves the door open, hitting Austin in the face as it swings into the courtyard.

Austin spills his beer all over Izzy.

EXT. GARAGE VENUE COURTYARD, NIGHT

AUSTIN
Fuck, you okay?

ANNIE
Sorry, sorry, sorry!

IZZY
I'm fine.

AUSTIN
You're soaked.

IZZY
Where were you?

AUSTIN
What?

IZZY
Where were you? Your bass was there
but-

AUSTIN
I was looking for you!

IZZY
Hey, look, I-

AUSTIN
I was all set up. You weren't
answering your phone. What's going
on with you?

IZZY
I dunno. I'm sick.

Izzy lights a cigarette.

Austin grabs it from her, takes a drag, and stomps it out.

AUSTIN
You're making yourself sick.

IZZY
And healing myself.

AUSTIN
Are you?

Izzy pulls out and lights another cigarette.

IZZY
I'm trying, actually, yeah.

AUSTIN
You know, I'm worried about you.

IZZY
Yeah? You're out!

AUSTIN
Wait, what?

As more kids exit the garage to gather in the courtyard, the
SOUND GUY, PAT, pops out.

PAT
You still have like, 25 minutes,
you gonna finish the set, or

IZZY AND AUSTIN
Fuck off, Pat!

AUSTIN
Izzy, what the fuck?

IZZY
I said you're out.

AUSTIN
I heard you. What the fuck?

IZZY

We still haven't recorded the album. You have too much patience for me. Why not move onto other projects?

AUSTIN

Because we've been tryna record Ghost Pussy since middle school and I'm fucking worried about you.

IZZY

Maybe we should play a decent set before trying to record?

AUSTIN

How can we play a decent set if we're arguing about recording?

IZZY

We can't play a set at all if you aren't there.

Austin laughs.

AUSTIN

I was there. You weren't.

IZZY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

AUSTIN

Promise me something.

IZZY

What?

AUSTIN

You don't disappear again.

IZZY

I promise.

AUSTIN

And-

IZZY

And?

AUSTIN

We finish the album. Regardless of other projects. We get this shit done.

IZZY
Fine.

AUSTIN
Promise?

IZZY
I promise!

AUSTIN
Pinky swear.

IZZY
What?

AUSTIN
That you won't disappear again and
we finish the album.

IZZY
That we both won't disappear again.

AUSTIN
Fine, yeah.

Austin reaches out his left pinky finger; Annie does the
same.

IZZY
Wait.

AUSTIN
What?

IZZY
Where can we record?

AUSTIN
Why not the basement?

IZZY
With my parents around? Absolutely
not! I'm never going back there.

AUSTIN
Well, the warehouse, then.

IZZY
Maybe, but the roof's leaky. Wanna
risk it?

AUSTIN
Why not here?

Annie pauses, takes a long drag off her cigarette, and sticks out her pinky finger.

IZZY

Why not?

Austin hooks his pinky finger around Annie's.

AUSTIN

How's next week?

EMILIA and AVA, two teens, approach Annie, Guy and Austin.

EMILIA

Are you gonna play anymore tonight?
That was awesome!

IZZY

Um...

AVA

You sound so much like Riley Titus,
it's scary!

Annie grimaces.

IZZY

Please.

EMILIA

Wait, when's the next show?

IZZY

Sorry, do I know you?

EMILIA

You were at my sister's party in my
basement last night...

PERU, in a faded red mohawk, comes and hugs Annie from behind, nearly toppling her over. and COLIN, with unwashed blond tangles, stands behind him and snorts.

PERU

Aaaaaah, that was so badass, you
did great!

COLIN

You fucking stunk.

ANNIE

I didn't see you!

PERU

Oh, I just got here, but-

COLIN

And we're just now leaving.

PERU

-but we're going over to Bar Bar,
Dilapidated Fetus just finished
their set, I want them to sign this
7 inch I just picked up!

ANNIE

Let's go, we can take my car.

PERU

Okay, dope, dope. Hey, have you
gone on yet?

INT. SILVER SUV, NIGHT

Peru swerves through traffic while Izzy hums in the
passenger seat.

Colin rolls down the window in the back seat.

He vomits all over the interior of the door.

The SUV pulls into the parking lot of Bar Bar.

INT. BAR BAR, NIGHT

Two aging BARTENDERS in old band shirts stand behind the
bar.

One of them fills liquor bottles with tap water.

The other wipes glasses with a dirty rag, leaving them
filthier than before he picked them up.

BARTENDER 1

Whoa, whoa, the fuck you doin,
there Billy? We gotta filter that
first, you can't just use our tap
water!

Bartender 2 opens a whiskey bottle, and drinks directly from
it.

BARTENDER 2
I fill em how I wanna fill em! The
liquor sanitizes it!

BARTENDER 1
Then the liquor should sanitize
these glasses, too!

BARTENDER 2
It does! I dunno why you wasting
your time with-

Annie, Peru and Colin enter.

PERU
Where'd everyone go?

BARTENDER 2
Ain't nobody here tonight.

PERU
I thought the Dilapidated Fetus
show was tonight?

BARTENDER 1
Last night.

COLIN
I fuckin told you, fuck face!

Bartender 1 slides Annie a beer and shot of whiskey. She
picks up the shot glass when her phone rings.

ANNIE
Sup?

STEVE
Sorry it's so late.

ANNIE
Dad? God, okay. What's up?

STEVE
I forgive you.

ANNIE
What? For what?

STEVE
I forgive you.

ANNIE
Are you okay?

STEVE
I'm fine. I love you.

ANNIE
Um... I love you too.

Annie slides the drinks to Peru.

PERU
You don't want these?

ANNIE
Nah, I gotta go.

Annie hops in her car.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

The door swings open, and Annie pushes her way down the stairs.

ANNIE
Alright, let's get this shit done.
I'm sorry.

MAX
Sorry for what? You gave us time to
get the instrumentals.

ANNIE
It was half an hour.

AUSTIN
It's punk.

Annie plops her bag down, and walks up to the microphone, slipping headphones over her ears.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Okay, let's do it!

ANNIE
Wait, what am I singing?

Drums base and guitar start playing through the headphones.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Oh.

MAX
Let's keep that in the cut?

Annie taps her feet.

ANNIE

I don't know how we got here - but
it's been too many times - I don't
know how we got here - but it's
made me lose my mind- and I, oh I,
oh, I will take the blame - oh I,
oh I, oh, I can't bear this shame

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I don't know where we're going, no,
I don't know where we are - don't
know how long we've traveled, but
it sure weren't very far

ANNIE (CONT'D)

and I, oh I, oh I, I take the blame
- oh I, oh I, oh I, want you to
stay

ANNIE (CONT'D)

If you can't love me, I lay me
down. If I can't love you, kill me,
kill me, kill me, kill me. If you
can't love me, I lay me down. If
you don't forgive me, kill me. The
damage done is breaking us both, so
let's glue that up with gold, I
take the blame... But if I can't
love, love you, love right, then
kill me. Kill me. Kill me.

AUSTIN

Alright, alright, alright!

EXT. TRAILER PARK, NIGHT

The old hatchback pulls onto a row of trailer homes, and parks next to one, a PleasureWay, with cigarette butts scattered at the steps with broken bottles, duct tape holding together the windows.

IZZY
Wait, this is it?

SKYE
Yeah, isn't it great? I got it for
free, only problem is finding
places to keep it.

Skye hops up the steps inside; Izzy follows.

INT. CRUST PUNK TRAILER, NIGHT

The trailer is filled with old clothes strewn about, all
covered in short white hair, which is matted in balls along
the crevices.

IZZY
Where's the animal?

SKYE
What animal?

Izzy pushes a box of old electronics off to the side to sit
on a bench under the window, draped in spiderwebs.

Brain Damage starts playing a jam band off his phone
speakers.

IZZY
So what do you do?

SLUG
Whaddya mean?

IZZY
Like... I dunno, for work. Is it
free to park here?

Brain Damage connects his phone to some wired speakers,
cranking the volume.

SKYE
Ha. I do what you're here for.

IZZY
Hey, could you turn that down? Or
off? Or just put on anything else?

SLUG
Chill, man, you ain't chill.

IZZY
I'm totally chill.

SKYE
Shut up. Open your mouth.

IZZY
What?

Skye stands over Izzy, her silhouette backlit, holding a small amber glass vial of liquid.

SKYE
How many drops do you want?

IZZY
I dunno, how much is in a drop?

BRAIN DAMAGE
It's like, a dose a drop, man.

IZZY
Um-

SKYE
Let's start with 3?

Izzy gulps, nods, leans her head back, and sticks her tongue out.

Three drops of clear liquid dissolve onto her tongue.

SLUG
Hell yeah.

IZZY
When will I know it's working?

BRAIN DAMAGE
You'll know.

Over in front of the fridge, coated with splatters of several miscellaneous sauces and condiments inside, articles of dirt fly into the brine as Slug dunks his fingers into a jar of pickles.

Juice flies into his greasy, overgrown mustache as he gnashes his teeth.

BRAIN DAMAGE (CONT'D)
You want some?

SLUG
Fuck yeah!

IZZY
Fuck no.

SLUG
Fucking negativity, Izzy.

IZZY
What? I don't have to like everything.

BRAIN DAMAGE
You don't have to be such a little bitch about everything either.

Brain Damage starts rummaging through the box of electronics.

A toilet flushes; Skye comes out of the bathroom.

IZZY
You didn't have to invite me here.

SKYE
You're here now, you should probably stay for a while.

SLUG
And stop being such a little bitch about everything.

Skye pushes Brain Damage over on the bench as she scooches in next to him.

Slug lights a joint.

Brain Damage takes out a tattoo gun. Skye lays her head on his lap.

BRAIN DAMAGE
Whaddya want?

SKYE
Open my third eye.

Izzy takes out her bottle of whiskey - nearly empty.

IZZY
Anyone wanna make a run?

SLUG
I'll run your ass into your skull when you let me hit that!

Izzy checks her wallet - \$4.00.

IZZY
If we pitch in we can get a handle!

SKYE
Sit down, quee-ow!

Skye's foot jerks, and she kicks a glass bong off the counter near the shelf.

SKYE (CONT'D)
Who broke that?

BRAIN DAMAGE
Stop moving!

Slug chugs the pickle juice from the jar.

Brain Damage tries to etch a diamond between Skye's eyebrows.

Izzy lights a cigarette.

IZZY
Can I put some different music on?

BRAIN DAMAGE
Izzy, did you know tattoos make you
nasty to cannibals?

IZZY
They make you what?

Izzy wrestles the tattoo gun from him and starts scribbling all over the Hebrew lettering on her forearm.

SKYE
What the fuck, bitch?

BRAIN DAMAGE
Let it happen. We'll finish you
later.

Izzy smirks and laughs, going over the same raw skin as it bleeds out.

BRAIN DAMAGE (CONT'D)
I dunno if you're doing much more
than scarring yourself there.

Skye gets up and grabs the tattoo gun from Izzy.

SKYE
I didn't say you could touch that.

IZZY

Sorry.

SKYE

Really acting like you own place!
BD, finish me?

SLUG

You don't need it.

SKYE

But I started it.

Slug grabs Skye's ass.

SLUG

But you really, really don't need
it.

Slug pushes Skye against the front door to the trailer,
sticking his thumb down her throat and undressing her.

Izzy starts tattooing on herself again.

Brain Damage grabs it away from her.

BRAIN DAMAGE

Sorry, I wanna try something.

He turns away, pulls down his pants, and turns the tattoo
gun back on.

Izzy sighs, and walks over to the vial on the kitchen
counter.

She puts another three drops on her tongue.

She peers out the window, and sees a woman stand outside on
horseback.

IZZY

What's she doing out there?

BRAIN DAMAGE

Who's doing what?

IZZY

That woman out there, the horse...

Brain Damage goes to the window.

BRAIN DAMAGE

Think you're tripping yet?

Izzy wanders into the bathroom.

She slams the door behind her, and starts to hyperventilate.

IZZY
Mirror, tile, toilet, curtain,
sink... Tattoo gun, music, wind,
kissing... Clothes... Hair...
Hair...

She starts rifling through the medicine cabinet, and finds a pair of scissors. She tries to cut off her bangs; the blades are too dull.

She finds a set of trimmers below the sink.

She glares at her reflection and starts crying.

She turns on the hair buzzer and takes it to her scalp, removing every strand from her head.

Izzy sets the buzzer down, still running, and begins to cry as she stares at herself.

Someone bangs from the other side of the door.

Izzy jumps, and finally turns off the hair buzzer.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Just a moment!

SKYE
That really just a 10-1?

IZZY
What?

SKYE
Five's up! AD's on my ass, not
yours, let's go!

Izzy scoops up her hair trimmings and dumps them in the bathroom sink, hairs clinging to her fingers as she runs them under the tap.

IZZY
Yeah, almost done!

SKYE
Last looks, Eiseinberg!

Izzy throws the hair buzzer back under the sink, and exits the bathroom.

INT. FILM PRODUCTION TRAILER, NIGHT

Izzy steps into the living room of the PleasureWay.

Crates of fat wires and walkie talkies are organized about the circumference, with places for paperwork, and a drink table set up.

Skye's new face tat is missing - she is clean, wearing a new black jacket, black t, black pants, black boots.

Slug and Brain Damage lean near the door with their clip boards, also in clean black clothing.

SLUG

They needed you five minutes ago.
Let's go.

INT. CIRCUS SET

Izzy steps out of the trailer wearing an oversized blue body suit with large purple diamonds, buttons and trim, with massive, round, shiny red shoes.

Groups of camera men and grips move about pushing equipment, while others come paint Izzy's face white with a big, sloppy red frown, and stick a massive curly orange wig on her head.

Grips put an expansive red tent high over three circus rings.

An elephant stands unattended in the center of the action. Nearby it, two clowns in black and white, male and female, each holding a baby, hug each other tight, and walk off the set in opposite directions.

The Director, with a black beret and wooden megaphone, guides Izzy to one of the outer rings.

She is hoisted onto a unicycle, wobbling as she finds her balance, and starts riding in circles.

In the opposite side ring, a faceless male wears a red suit with orange diamonds, buttons and trim, a purple wig, and blue shoes.

The elephant stomps about in the center ring, while an assistant lights a fire on its rim.

The Twin clown in the opposite ring is hoisted atop a set of stilts.

A sloppy, red grin is painted onto where his face his should be.

The Director tosses one bowling pin at Izzy.

She teeters on her unicycle, but catches it.

In the other ring, an Assistant throws one two pins up to the Twin clown. He catches both of them.

The Director throws Izzy a second pin - she gets a smattering of bored applause from an invisible audience.

The Assistant throws the Twin a third bowling pin - he fails to catch it, and drops both the first two as well.

AUDIENCE

Aawwwww.....

The Audience starts to cheer. The Twin clown waves it off, and they go wild.

The Director throws two more bowling pins at Izzy. She drops one.

The Audience violently boos Izzy while she successfully juggles the other three pins, still keeping balance atop her unicycle.

The Twin falls of his stilts. The Audience laughs. He bows and they cheer.

The Director grabs Izzy by the shoulders, and she tumbles off her unicycle to the ground.

The Director points Izzy to an old wooden ladder, leading up to a high wire above the center ring, now fully ablaze.

The Twin climbs up his own ladder in the opposite ring.

Izzy pulls herself up the rungs.

Down below, the elephant has vanished, and the flames have engulfed the entire area of the center ring.

Away from the center ring, the Director and Assistant light fires upon both Izzy's and the Twin's ladders.

While the clowns keep transcending to the high wire, the flames below them climb at a faster rate.

As they get onto the wire, Izzy loses her footing - at the other end, the Twin wobbles.

She catches herself, and pulls herself back up.

As Izzy steps her right foot in front of her left, the Twin does the same.

They take identical steps towards the center, and wobble at the same times.

They approach each other in the center and freeze.

Izzy ducks down to the wire; the Twin steps over her.

Fire takes over the wire at either end, moving slowly.

He spins back to face her; she spins back to face him.

He reaches out his hand.

As Izzy grabs it, she's squirted with water by a flower on his lapel, and he's gently buzzed by a battery in her palm.

The fire burns through the wire, and they drop.

Izzy and the Twin hold each other and scream while the audience cheers, hurdling towards the flames.

They move through the flames and land on a trampoline.

The crew extinguishes the fire around them and clears out the circus rings, tears down the big red tent.

Izzy is stripped out of her shoes.

Her makeup is hastily wiped off, leaving it mostly just smeared.

They take off her body suit.

EXT. OLD WILD WEST SET

Izzy throws her wig onto the ground, endless desert dust.

Further along past the set and crew, a few plateaus can be seen along the horizon, and a smattering of trees and cacti in the dry grass.

A thestral is guided over to Izzy and the crew dressing her.

Crew hoist up a row of false storefronts - a saloon, a schoolhouse, a bank, and an inn and a jail.

The crew puts Izzy into a long, white linen dress, with a black vest and black boots.

A dark red stage coach, pulled by Izzy's thestral plus one more, is parked in front of the bank.

The crew puts another wig on Izzy- long, strawberry blond braids - underneath a black hat.

Another thestral is saddled up in front of the schoolhouse, just behind the stagecoach.

The crew gives Izzy a rope and a revolver, sets her up on the horse, and takes her over next to the white horse in front of the schoolhouse.

The sun sits directly above the scene, casting virtually no shadow.

Vultures caw and circle around it.

Several uniformed officials begin walking out of the bank carrying filled burlap sacks, and place them in the stage coach.

Gunshots fire from the saloon.

The Twin runs out, wearing black pants and shirt, a white vest, white hat, and white boots, with a shotgun at his side and a sack full of playing cards, chips, and cash.

A drunken old man and three harlots run out behind him as he hops atop the white horse.

The stagecoach takes off ahead, past the inn and jail, towards the dusty horizon.

Izzy and the Twin ride after it.

They gallop behind the stagecoach as it winds through the plain, and through a river.

Crossing the river, the stagecoach is shaken by a current - a few of the burlap sacks are tossed out of the back and into the river.

Izzy cuts downstream with her horse, and lassos one of the burlap sack to safety, only a few bills falling out as Izzy takes ownership.

Izzy and the Twin continue chasing after the stagecoach, and hear a war cry from ahead.

An army of Native Americans approaches them, swinging machetes and firing arrows on horseback - two of them holding large, wet burlap sacks.

Many of the Natives stop to grab what they can from the stage coach while moving through the action - the stage coach is left with only a fraction of what it had been lugging.

Grasping onto their sacks, Izzy and the Twin try to gallop through, but the Twin is hit in the shoulder by an arrow.

The moment he's hit, Izzy starts bleeding out from her shoulder.

He tries to grab her burlap sack; she a jail, tries to wrestle it back from him as they continue charging ahead.

They follow the stagecoach in a sharp turn, and approach the town they had taken off from.

With one hand on Izzy's burlap sack, the Twin shoots ahead through the stage coach at it's drivers.

Izzy and the sack are hit with bullets from behind, and the money goes flying as the very stagecoach they were chasing rams their horses, who have come to a stop, from behind - right in front of the jail.

Izzy shoots her revolver at the sheriffs running out of the jail as the Twin, still with his bag of winnings from the saloon, carries her away into the Inn.

INT. BOXING RING SET

As Izzy and the Twin cross the threshold, they step into a fighting arena. The Twin is ushered away by the Director and crew.

Izzy walks alone up to a four-corner ring, below lights and rafters, surrounded by a massive audience.

The crew comes and strips Izzy into a green leotard, with yellow boots, yellow cape, yellow mask - and yellow boxing gloves.

The Twin is stripped into the opposite - a yellow leotard, green boots, cape, mask and gloves.

They're both thrown up into the ring.

In the Twin's corner is a posse of four, ready with towels, water, ice, and snacks, hyping him up.

At Izzy's feet, in her corner, two chickens squabble with each other.

A sound horn blares; the crowd starts cheering.

In the center of the ring, a silver microphone is lowered from the rafters, down to just a couple inches above the stage.

A little mouse in a bow tie approaches the microphone.

MOUSE

EEK eek- eek eek eeeeeek eek - eek
eek eeeeeek eek!

AUDEINCE

Woooooo!!

The microphone is lifted up; the Mouse goes off to the side.

A gong sounds. Izzy and the Twin start facing off, circling each other.

Izzy takes a swing at the air, not anywhere near the Twin.

The Twin takes a couple empty swings back at her.

The crowd boos.

They start throwing tomatoes at the ring.

Izzy and the Twin dodge the tomatoes while pacing about each other.

Izzy gets hit with a tomato in the face.

She earnestly attempts to hit the Twin, but he blocks it.

She takes another swing and nails the Twin's jaw; as it hits, Izzy's neck cracks and her head flies back,

They hop about circling each other for a moment.

Izzy blocks a swing at her face.

The Twin lands a double-punch on Izzy's stomach. She keeps her footing and he's blown back onto his ass.

The crowd cheers.

They take a moment to sit while the chickens squabble in the center of the ring, catching their breath, mirroring each other's movements.

Izzy takes off her gloves.

The crowd boos, but the Twin does the same.

Izzy stands and approaches him. She reaches out her hand, and as her arm remains extended, the Twin grabs it and pulls himself up.

Izzy holds out her right hand, the Twin clutches it with his left.

They reach out and touch each other's faces, the crowd spewing vitriol.

Slowly, Izzy and the Twin approach for embrace.

Lights start flashing as the Twin wraps his arms around her.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, DAWN

Izzy's arms move right through the Twin; she wraps her arms around herself as she drops to her knees on the dry, patchy grass outside the PleasureWay.

Helicopters sound overhead, and sirens down the street.

Izzy screams out.

Skye, Brain Damage and Slug run outside.

IZZY
WHERE IS MY BROTHER? I KNOW WHAT
YOU DID TO ME, WHERE IS MY
BROTHER??

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, DAY

A monitor beeps in blackness.

Izzy lays tangled in tubes. Her arm is raw from the tattooing. Makeup's smeared around her eyes. Her hair, buzzed and uneven still sports patches of black dye. The gripped socks the hospital gave her, far too large, hang off her feet.

Strips of light filtered through the room's Venetian blinds fall across SAM EISENBERG in a chair in the corner, reclined back with an arm up, resting ankle on knee. He's reading - glaring at - a neatly-folded newspaper sports section and sipping a large coffee. His graying mustache needs a trim, and his cheap, boxy suit hangs off of him despite all the weight he keeps putting back on.

Izzy groans.

The monitor's rhythm changes.

Izzy inches her head up.

IZZY

Dad?

Sam slaps the newspaper across his knee, puts his foot down and leans forward in his chair, staring at Izzy.

SAM

Don't you feel the love I have for you?

IZZY

No.

SAM

Fuck you.

Sam leans back in his chair and continues reading.

IZZY

What did I do to you?

SAM

Every time you do something like this to yourself, you are killing me, Isabel!

IZZY

What are you talking about? I just woke up.

SAM

Don't you see how your pain hurts me?

IZZY

Dad, I'm sorry, I-

SAM

Why aren't you happy with the life I've given you?

IZZY

Why do you hate me so much?

SAM

Because you hate me! Because you abuse me!

IZZY

How am I abusing you?

SAM

Because you reject my love for you!

IZZY

I don't reject your love, I just don't feel loved, Dad, I'm tired. I just want to rest.

SAM

You are so ungrateful. Everything I've done, I've done for you, and you've fucked it all up, Izzy!

IZZY

Because I'm sick!

SAM

And whose fault is that when you were born perfectly healthy with every opportunity under the sun?

IZZY

Dude, I'm-

SAM

You were born the luckiest girl in the world, Isabel, and that's because of me!

Izzy lays back down in her bed and presses the call button.

SAM (CONT'D)

I loved you. I was there with you every night and weekend. I gave you vacations. I read to you. I played with you. I gave you an education, but you fucked that up!

IZZY

You didn't let me study what I wanted to and-

SAM

I gave you beauty-

Sam rises from his chair.

IZZY

Who cares!

SAM

And you've gone and mutilated
yourself with all those damned
piercings and scribbles-

IZZY

It's art, it's my body!

SAM

It is not your body!

Izzy presses the call button again and sits up.

IZZY

What??

SAM

I made it! It wouldn't exist
without me, and all you've done
with it is pollute it and-

A NURSE pushes the door open.

NURSE

Hi, I see you're awake! How are you
feeling?

IZZY

I'm not sure.

SAM

Excuse me?

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's okay, can you tell me where
you are? One moment, sir.

IZZY

I'm at the hospital.

SAM

Well, I'm her father, so-

NURSE (CONT'D)

Sir, I understand you've very
concerned right now, but we have to
follow procedure, if you could just
let me ask a few questions-

SAM

She needs to be in long term
treatment.

NURSE

You'll have opportunity to discuss
that with her doctors. Now, do you
know how you got here?

IZZY
No. Where are my clothes?

SAM
And when will I be able to
speak with her doctors?

NURSE (CONT'D)
Sir! Can you please-

Sam's phone rings.

SAM
Sorry, I gotta take this.

NURSE
Not a problem.

IZZY
Awesome.

Sam exits into the hall.

NURSE
Do you know your name?

IZZY
Isabel Eisenberg.

NURSE
Do you know what day it is?

IZZY
April 1st, 2015.

NURSE
No, it is now April 2nd.

Izzy starts picking at her cuticles.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Can you tell me what happened
before you got here?

IZZY
Well, I was playing a show, and...

NURSE
We've already had your drug tests
come back, Ms. Eisenburg. If you
can answer everything honestly, to
the best of your memory-

Sam reenters.

SAM
Great news, Izzy! We found a rehab
that can take you tonight.

IZZY

Can you just bring me some clothes here?

INT. TRANQUIL FOREST RECEPTION AREA

Izzy stands shaking, shivering, in her pair of grippy socks and two hospital gowns and no pants. She itches at the pair of mesh underwear they'd given her.

CARRIE EISENBERG, standing on the opposite side of Sam, clutches Izzy's wrist.

Her hair is un-dyed and frizzy. She wears mascara and lip gloss, no foundation. Her satin blouse clashes with her capri-length cargo pants and Keane shoes. She's already fidgeting with the credit cards in her fanny pack.

CARRIE

We just really need the doctors here to understand that Isabel's main issue isn't addiction, that her addictions are really just symptomatic of underlying mental health issues.

The receptionist, clicking away at her keyboard, pushes her oversized glasses up her wrinkly nose, and keeps clicking away, without looking up.

RECEPTIONIST

And are you filing an insurance claim of paying out of pocket?

CARRIE

We just want her getting the very best attention you can give her.

IZZY

When are you bringing my clothes, Mom?

SAM

We're really at our wits end with her. We've done nothing but give her the very best, and look where it got her!

The receptionist stops typing, and finally looks up at the Eisenbergs.

RECEPTIONIST

And are you filing an insurance
claim or paying out of pocket?

A middle aged, bleached blond, over-tanned nurse, Monica,
pushes a cart of medical supplies through double doors into
the lobby.

MONICA

Vitals! Eisenberg!

IZZY

Huh?

MONICA

Vitals. Sit.

Monica practically pushes Izzy into her chair.

A redhead girl, Tara comes in through a different set of
doors and sits at a payphone, double-taking at Izzy.

SAM

So this program works, right? She
does this treatment and she's
cured?

Monica squeezes and pinches at Izzy taking her blood
pressure and temperature.

RECEPTIONIST

Tranquil Hills does not claim to
cure any patients, it is a
treatment program.

CARRIE

But you're gonna find out what's
wrong with her.

Tara turns her head to the Eisenbergs - she looks shocked.

TARA

Mom? Hey, hi! I just wanted to say-

Monica grabs Izzy's shoulder.

MONICA

Weight. Scale.

Izzy hops on the scale.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Wow, pretty little thing! Wish I
weighed that.

Izzy sees Tara - they stare at each other. Tara waves.

RECEPTIONIST

Isabel!

Izzy waves to Tara and walks over to the desk.

IZZY

Yeah?

RECEPTIONIST

Per your admittance, you must confirm that you have brought none of the following contraband-

IZZY

I don't have anything.

RECEPTIONIST

Drugs or alcohol of any kind-

IZZY

Nope...

RECEPTIONIST

Drug or alcohol paraphernalia of any kind, including: rolling papers, lighters, bottle openers, syringes, razor blades, pipes-

IZZY

Do you see what I'm wearing? Do you see any bags?

RECEPTIONIST

... Shoe laces, nail clippers, the brand PINK by Victoria's Secret...

CARRIE

Izzy, isn't that your friend from high school?

Tara sheepishly smiles as Carrie waves.

TARA

Bye, Mom, I love you, talk soon...
Izzy! Mr. and Mrs. Eisenberg! How are you guys?

SAM

Well, we're here, Sarah.

IZZY

Tara.

RECEPTIONIST
...no chewing gum, no music
players, no guns, no bombs...

TARA
Well... I'll see you soon!

CARRIE
You look fantastic!

Tara looks down at her flip flops and wornout pajamas.

TARA
Yeah, thanks.

Izzy smiles and tilts her head down.

RECEPTIONIST
And no razors!

IZZY
Yeah, I said I don't have anything.

RECEPTIONIST
Then you confirm you do not have
any of the following contraband
items: drugs or alcohol of any
kind-

IZZY
I confirm! I confirm!

CARRIE
We'll bring you some things soon,
honey.

IZZY
It's freezing in these places, why
couldn't you bring me any today?

SAM
And deal with the drug den you
turned the condo we bought you
into?

IZZY
First, I never asked for that-

CARRIE
And you never thanked us either!

IZZY

For charging me full rent and forcing me to live in a basement 5 minutes away from you? All I wanted was a cosigner! That place was already disgusting!

SAM

Hey, we cut you a \$100 off market value for that!

IZZY

What was the market value for my bedroom when you were charging me to stay at the house?

CARRIE

You are so ungrateful! Why should we be paying to put you up in here?

IZZY

I didn't ask for this either! All I wanted was for you to bring some clothes to the hospital!

SAM

You look beautiful no matter what, honey.

IZZY

What?

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, you're all set. You'll get your bed tomorrow, and be in the detox room tonight.

IZZY

I detoxed at the ER, I'm fine.

Monica grabs Izzy's arm and walks her towards the double doors.

CARRIE

Good luck! We love you!

IZZY

Love you too!

Izzy and Monica exit.

SAM

So, what's the refund policy if she relapses after this?

INT. DETOX ROOM, NIGHT

Monica opens a steel door into a white room with two twin cots, one with a pile of stuffed animals - a blue bunny, pink rabbit, and life-sized dolphin. The fluorescent lights flicker.

MONICA

Don't get too comfy, now!

SIPPI

Miss, miss, what did they say?

A young girl with long, bleached and burgundy-streaked hair and a matching, pink, Pink-branded sweat set, Sippi, pops out of the bathroom, behind a curtain.

MONICA

Mississippi, all electronic communications devices are considered contraband. They said no.

Izzy slumps onto her cot.

IZZY

Your name is Mississippi?

SIPPI

But I have to talk to Shawn!

Sippi walks across the room towards Monica in the doorway.

SIPPI

Just Sippi!

MONICA

You can use the phone on your designated time slots, and half an hour of computer time once a week after you settle.

IZZY

Hold up, but, Mississippi?
Like, M-I-S-S-I-P-P-I?

SIPPI

But he has his championship tomorrow and he really needs me, he can't get in the right vibe if he doesn't get to see me!

IZZY

You want him to see you right now?
You're sweating out Smirnoff and Adderall and you want him to look at you?

SIPPI

You're gonna shade me with that haircut?

MONICA

Ms. Eisenberg, do you need something?

SIPPI

I can't have my phone for half an hour?? Please?

MONICA

Sippi, rules are rules. Door stays open. And you have to change, that brand's contraband as well.

SIPPI

Wait, what?

IZZY

Wait, I need some-

Monica exits.

Sippi drops to her knees and cries.

Izzy crosses the room and enters the bathroom.

Every inch of the little shelving available and the back of the toilet is covered in old, over-used makeup, skincare, hair products.

Izzy gazes in the scratched-up steel mirror, and rubs her hands over her little remaining hair, some patches of black dye remaining within her natural blond.

She picks up a bottle of face wash and squeezes some onto Sippi's spinner brush.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Wait, so like, your mother carried you for nine months, pushed you out her cunt, and named you Mississippi?

Sippi enters the bathroom, mascara running down her face.

SIPPI

You don't use my shit!

Sippi grabs the brush from Izzy.

IZZY

You don't just barge in when I'm in here!

Sippi pushes Izzy out of the bathroom and aggressively pulls the curtain shut.

Izzy rolls her eyes.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Can I just use some moisturizer this once?

Sippi starts crying.

IZZY (CONT'D)

That shit was super drying!

SIPPI

I have oil-prone skin, bitch!

Izzy rifles through all the clothing in Sippi's luggage, strewn open on the floor, and walks over to lay on her cot.

Sippi is heard vomiting.

Izzy's stomach grumbles. She lurches forward.

Sippi keeps puking.

IZZY

Fuck!

Izzy pulls open the bathroom curtain.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I need the toilet now!

Sippi turns her head towards Izzy and pukes on her oversized grippy socks.

Izzy rips the socks off, sending splatters of vomit flying onto the wall.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Oh, you fucking dumb cunt, I gotta-use the sink!

Sippi flushes the toilet, and starts puking again.

SIPPI

I NEED SHAWN!!!

IZZY
I NEED TO SHIT!

Sippi screams.

IZZY (CONT'D)
UGH!!!

Izzy jumps onto Sippi's bed.

Shapeless mesh panties fall onto the bunny stuffy.

Diarrhea and dark yellow piss sprays onto the pillow and mattress.

Izzy sighs and groans.

She hops off the bed, and pulls the mesh panties back on.

Sippi exits the bathroom, grabs her animals, and lies down with them on the other bad.

IZZY (CONT'D)
That was my bed, what are you-

SIPPI
Still need the toilet?

INT. DETOX ROOM, MORNING

Air conditioning buzzes loudly.

Fluorescent light pours through the crack in the door onto the soaked pillow. Flies buzz around the pile of shit sitting atop it.

In the bathroom, Sippi stares in the steel mirror and cheerfully hums, pulling her bleached hair into a high pony.

She puts her winged eyeliner on with a flick, over lines her lips, and applies false lashes.

Izzy lies flat on her back on the ground next to the wet, twin cot, tangled in her two hospital gowns, covered in goosebumps.

Light pours through the dirty, inch-thick plastic window directly onto her bloodshot eyes.

She doesn't blink.

Sippi starts humming more loudly, painting herself with contour.

The door swings open.

Izzy jerks up.

Monica stands in the doorway with a cart full of medical equipment.

MONICA
Holler, Mississippi?

SIPPI
YEEEEEEEEAAAAOW!!!

Sippi jumps out of the bathroom with a grin.

Izzy throws herself back onto the floor, hitting her head and groaning.

MONICA
Cute. Vitals. Come here.

Sippi leaps over to a plastic chair in the hall outside the door.

IZZY
Excuse me-

MONICA
Excuse me!

Monica whips her head over to Izzy, sitting half propped up on the floor.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Excuse me, let me get this cuff on ya there-

IZZY
Can I get some toiletries?

SIPPI
Don't even think about-

IZZY
You made that clear!

MONICA
What's that smell?

INT. GYMNASIUM, DAY

An old man sits in a group, circled in plastic foldings chair in the middle of a basketball court.

WALT

M-m-m-made a-a lis-list o-of all
the p-p-people we had- p-people w-
we had- we h-had harmed...

To Walt's right, COLIN, wearing a neon backwards hat, basketball shorts, and giant iced out crucifix, silently mouths to someone across the circle.

A 40-something white woman with long blond hair, Steffi, sits next to a 20-something white woman with long blond hair, Brianna.

STEFFI

I love your hair! You are so so so stunning and beautiful!

COLIN

No cross talk!

WALT

...a spi-spi-spiritual - spiritual awak-awakening...

BRIANNA (WHISPERING)

Oh my god, I love your nails!

COLIN

Okay, thank you, Walt!

ALL

Thank you, Walt!

WALT

Well, th-th-th-th-thank you all!

COLIN

My name is Colin, grateful spiritual warrior and alcoholic, who else is having a b-e-a-u-tiful day at Tranquil Forest and is ready for a-e-a-awesome AA meeting?

KEVIN, the elder of the two men's counselors, sighs.

KEVIN

That doesn't make-

COLIN

Y'all've gotten to- or are gonna get to know me- very well over your stays here, so I'm not gonna make it about me, alright? The ego is your disease's best friend! Alright? I'll start shares to my right.

An old man in a wig, false tits and floral dress sits with his hands folded in his lap.

CRYSTAL
Crystal, alcoholic.

Colin stares at Crystal. Crystal stares at Colin. Colin stares at Crystal. Crystal stares at Tara.

A very young boy fidgets with his hand while Izzy inadvertently clicks her pen in his face.

(CONT'D)

ROB

Rob, alcoholic. Um... My wife is in labor right now and I want to kill myself.

BOB

That's your ex-wife, BJ.

ROB

Do NOT call me that, Dad!

BOB

You're Bob Jr., Bobby Jr., BJ!
Always been BJ! Nothing wrong with BJ!

ROB

No, not wanting to fuck up my kids
the same way you fucked me up has
nothing to do with you, it's
because I love my family!

BOB

They're fine! I missed you're
delivery, and you're fine!

ROB

I'm in rehab!

BOB

What's wrong with rehab? I'm in
rehab!

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm not a bad guy! I've never lied to you, except about the drugs, I only cheated on your mom a couple of times, and those swingers parties, but she was doing that Girl Power stuff, and I just- Oh come on, why do you hate me so much, BJ?

A white kid in a durag stares at the floor.

JOSH

I'm Josh, uh... I'm just here for
weed, came in last night, guess
I'll stick around.

A white guy with dreadlocks, tie-dye and a keffiyeh scarf
nods next to him.

LACEY

Chill, chill, that's beautiful,
brother. I'm Lacey, I've been here
before, I'll be here again, it was
beautiful last time, and it's gonna
be beautiful next time.

An old woman in beige stares into space.

An old woman with her hair dyed blue, wearing a sweatshirt decorated in teddy bears, holds a teddy bear.

WALT

H-h-hello! My n-name is W-Wa-

COLIN

Thank you, Walt!

LINDSAY

Lindsay. Women's counselor. I have a migraine. Talk to Simone if you need something.

STEFFI

Oh, oh, is it my turn? Oh my god, you guy's would not believe. My name is Steffi, and I am SO GRATEFUL to be a RECOVERING alcoholic today on DAY 10 of sobriety! Wooooo!

STEFFI (CONT'D)
It felt like when I was helping
Tiffani pick her bridesmaid
dresses...

STEFFI (CONT'D)

... but that's all I have for now.
Thanks for guys, love you guys,
keep coming back, it works if you
work it!

BRIANNA

Thanks Steffi. I'm Brianna,
alcoholic, and life-aholic!

STEFFI

Life-aholic, I love that! I'm a
love-aholic! I meant, life-aholic!
AND I'm a love-aholic!

BRIANNA

I'll pass.

TYLER, hunched forward with his head on his hands, pushes
his hair out of his face, and slowly leans back in his
chair, gazing at the ceiling.

TYLER

...And we just kept pushing the boundaries further and further back. First it was "we won't use unless he's away at school", then "we can use when he's at home, he just can't see the dope or see us take it, and one of us has to be sober", and then "it's okay if we're both high as long as he's asleep", but then it's, oh, it's okay that I'm high if he's asleep and you're dead because you fucking overdosed because we both got high together and he's here and I have to take care of him and you're dead!

COLIN

Well if I'm not mistaken, somebody
is gradutating today! Take it away,
Alex!

BOB

Well, I'm Bob but my family calls
me BS, Bobby Senior-

The doors swing open. A dishelved doctor in a long white
coat marches in.

DR. TRAN

Eisenberg?

INT. TRAN'S OFFICE

DR. TRAN

I read the report from the ER and
your current psych, seems nobody
knows what to do with you, but I
wanna jump straight into
diagnostics- Do you have difficulty
concentrating?

IZZY

Huh?

IZZY (CONT'D)
Well, who doesn't avoid thinking
about stressful experiences?

DR. TRAN
Izzy, you have PTSD.

IZZY
Okay, so?

DR. TRAN
What happened?

IZZY
What do you mean?

DR. TRAN
You have all diagnostic criteria of
being scarred by some traumatic
event or series of, what happened?

IZZY
I don't know.

DR. TRAN
You don't know what happened to
you?

IZZY
Nothing happened, I don't know. I'm
just an addict and alcoholic and a
bitch. I don't know.

DR. TRAN
Do you think your family might-

His office phone rings.

DR. TRAN (CONT'D)
Oh, are they?

DR. TRAN (CONT'D)
Right now?

DR. TRAN (CONT'D)
Okay, send em down!

The Receptionist bangs on Dr. Tran's door.

Dr. Tran spills his coffee on himself and nearly topples his
chair, barely managing to get up to open the door.

DR. TRAN (CONT'D)
Izzy, I've got some expert help in
here today!

He opens his door to reveal the Receptionist with Sam and
Carrie.

Sam muttering to himself, giggling, and staring intensely at
the walls, while Carrie with a gigantic grin plastered on
her face and hand extended.

CARRIE

Love a popcorn ceiling! I remember when these were all the rage - Isabel, I think you may have been conceived under one! Who's to say?

IZZY

If you didn't bring my clothes, I'm checking myself out and hitching to Shotgun Willie's.

DR. TRAN (CONT'D)

Izzy, your parents and I have already spoken at length. They're here to help you shed some light on the diagnosis.

CARRIE

No, Izzy, your place is covered in needles and probably feces, I absolutely did not get your clothes, but I went to Goodwill and got a few things.

Sam checks out the diplomas hung on the wall.

SAM

Wow, 01! I was Amherst 81! I'm still super tight with the dean and prez, I give a lot to the alum assosh. That's wild, you been back since?

DR. TRAN

Sam, did Carrie clue you in on our phone call? My prognosis for Izzy?

SAM

What prognosis?

DR. TRAN

PTSD.

SAM

She doesn't have PTSD.

CARRIE

The tells of Isabel's mental health problems are in the very fact that she displays these symptoms despite nothing ever having happened to her! We really did do everything perfectly!

SAM

Even with all the tattoo mutilation, you're still one of the most conventionally attractive women in the world! There's no reason for you not to have built a good life for yourself, and if you don't start taking responsibility, we aren't gonna be picking up the slack anymore.

IZZY

Who gives a shit about being conventionally attractive??

SAM

It opens more opportunities for you. And you've wasted all of them.

IZZY

Opportunities for what? For stripping? For pushing out a couple kids, divorcing, and getting into wine?

CARRIE

Having kids doesn't mean you won't still have a life of your own.

IZZY

That's what it meant for you.

CARRIE

Hey, I love being a mother!

IZZY

Do you? Because you complain about every parental responsibility that falls on you and -

SAM

Have you upheld your daughterly responsibilities?

IZZY

Like what?

CARRIE

Try being grateful. We have your our genes, that should be enough.

IZZY

Why should I be grateful for my genes?? Everyone looks at me and wants to fuck me or fight me, everyone thinks I'm supposed to be happy just being a sex object! Nobody wants to hear me speak, all my value is just in my future children, just existing to be pretty and be expected to shut up and serve everyone else, it's bullshit!

SAM

That's womanhood.

IZZY
If that's supposed to be womanhood,
I'm not a fucking woman.

INT. CABIN, NIGHT

TEEN ISABEL, pinned to the hardwood floor, nude, long hair thrashing, screams as loud as she can, and can hardly choke a sound out.

She tries to gaze through the windows at the stars - brighter and more numerous than she'd ever seen, engulfing the expanse of mountains beyond them.

Her brothers, Davy and Jonah, kiss and suck on her breasts and nipples.

Sam licks his lips as he holds Isabel down by her thighs.

Behind Sam, Carrie laughs and dances. She takes off her top and swings her saggy breasts back and forth.

The WITCH next to Carrie doesn't move an inch, just stares.

Davy bites off a small piece of Isabel's nipple and swallows, gulping up the small stream of blood that trickles out.

Jonah bites off the entirety of Isabel's other nipple, and continues eating away at her flesh.

INT. PIERCING PARLOR

A guy with a bleached mullet and a huge mustache, EVAN EISENBERG, closes his eyes and smiles as he lets out a howl.

A woman with long green dreadlocks, completely covered in piercings and tattoos, sits over him as he lays back, shirtless, on the padded black table.

PIERCER
Slip the jewelry in... great...
Breathe... Still wanna do the
second?

EVAN
I made it this far, let's go!

The piercer shoves a hollow needle through Evan's hairy nipple.

He yells, and starts laughing.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Man, fuck! Never shoulda let those close up.

PIERCER

You handled it like a champ! I don't think I gotta go over the aftercare with you?

Evan struggles to pull a very taught sports bra over his head.

EVAN

Nah, I've had enough piercings, I think I got it.

PIERCER

Um... Maybe let them breathe? Do you really need that, um...

EVAN

My binder? Yeah, I fucking need it.

PIERCER

Right, okay. Well, the compression isn't gonna be good for the circulation the wounds are gonna need, and-

EVAN

It's fine, how much do I owe you?

PIERCER

Look, if something were to go wrong with the healing after you not following the proper-

EVAN

Let me handle it, okay? What do I owe you?

Evan's phone rings; he pulls it out of the back pocket of his dirty jeans.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Hey, mom, can I call you back in a minute?

CARRIE

No, you can't. We need to talk about money.

Evan pulls out his wallet. He grabs three condoms and a couple receipts before finding his cash.

EVAN

Uh, no, we don't, I'm getting more acting and PA gigs, and start that new side job next week.

He puts \$100 on the counter and walks out.

CARRIE

Is it gonna cover your rent?

PIERCER

Hey, it's \$180!

EVAN

You said you had it this year?

INT. TRENDY TAPAS BAR, EVENING

Evan sits at a linen-clothed table under dim lighting in a faded black t-shirt and denim jacket. He tugs and itches at his nipple.

EVAN

No, seriously, I will eat literally everything else here, but please, take the olives!

The man across from him, in a tailored suit and crisp white collar, smiles and pulls a small glass bowl of green olives closer into the collection of dishes ahead of him, and raises his gin and tonic.

WILL

Well, more for me!

EVAN

So polisci? But I thought you were in finance?

WILL

Well, I was young and foolishly ambitious. Life had other plans.

Evan's phone rings. He silences it.

EVAN

That's fascinating! Did you have any aspirations for office?

Evan's phone rings again. He answers it.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Dad, what?

Will raises his eyebrows and sips on his drink.

SAM

Hey buddy, you busy?

EVAN

Well, yeah, actually, I'm on a date and-

SAM

You never have time for me anymore!

EVAN

Time for what with you? I gotta go.

SAM

No, you haven't called me in weeks, you picked up the phone, you're gonna sit down and listen to me. I'm not gonna let you manipulate me by-

EVAN

Well, what's going on, Dad?

SAM

Did you talk to your mom about the rent?

Will wipes his mouth with the napkin and gets up from the table.

EVAN

Can I call you back later? Will!

Will turns back, still walking away, raises a finger and mouths "One minute!"

SAM

Just listen. You always do this. It's juvenile, you know.

EVAN

Well, what do you want?

SAM

I need to know you understand that we're not paying anymore? Mom says you finally got a job.

EVAN

Yeah, but you guys cosigned and-

SAM

You little fuckup. When are you gonna take responsibility for yourself?

EVAN

I am taking responsibility! That's why I came out here, that's why I'm exploring my skill sets-

Will returns to his seat at the table.

SAM

You need a real job, Evan! Nobody's gonna take care of you! You had the opportunity to get yourself a family but you went and

EVAN

Yeah, I love you too! Tell grandma I said hi.

He hangs up the phone.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about that, my Dad's a little-

His phone rings again.

He silences it.

EVAN (CONT'D)

He's a little needy.

His phone rings again.

WILL

I took care of the bill for us.

His phone keeps ringing.

EVAN

Don't worry, I'll getcha back next time!

Evan winks.

INT. EVAN'S KITCHEN, NIGHT

Havarti, a tall, thin, light skinned black girl with horrible acne and fast fashion talks on the phone.

HAVARTI

Oh no, Dad... No, he did not ask you that... No, it's my hand! . . .
No, Dad! Rina would say the same thing, you aren't supposed to even think about marriage til you've played out the drama!

She takes a bag of almonds out of the cabinet, and counts out 7 individually as she places them on a plate.

HAVARTI (CONT'D)

Yeah, there's different rules now...
He has to play cool for a while, like, he can like a few posts, but not too many, and he definitely shouldn't DM... Yeah, nah. Then, when he DOES make a move, we're supposed to turn him away! Then he doesn't talk to us for a few days, then he calms us down, and THEN we can admit that we like him back, but like, it's embarrassing, right?

Goose, an aging punk in black leather and pink eyebrows, enters with a young blond girl in a plaid mini skirt and fishnets.

BLOND GIRL

Can I potty?

Goose grabs a beer from the fridge and cracks it open.

HAVARTI

Okay, no, not even then, cuz you still gotta have the adventures! There's gotta be rivalry, and issues with the parents, jealousy and false accusations, reproaches, oh, despair! No, no, the best love stories are just crushing!

(MORE)

HAVARTI (CONT'D)

You have to have a little tragedy,
otherwise the love isn't deep
enough.

BLOND GIRL

Gooooooooose!

GOOSE

What?

HAVARTI

Yeah, you can't just start with a
proposal, that's like, starting the
romance at the wrong end. It's
oppressive!

BLOND GIRL

Where's the potty?

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Will clutches a bottle of wine as he and Evan enter into his
spotless, minimalist loft, a shining expanse of light grays.

EVAN

Oh my gosh, remind me never to take
you over to my place, this is so
nice!

WILL

Ha, thank you! I put a lot of
thought into it.

EVAN

Like, adult even.

Will takes a step closer to Evan.

WILL

I am an adult. I'd like to think.

Will puts his hand on the small of Evan's back.

Evan steps away from him to pour himself a glass of wine.

EVAN

You got roommates?

Will grabs Evan, kissing him, and guides him to the bedroom.

INT. GOOSE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Goose and Blond Girl enter.

His room's filled with old punk show fliers and photography equipment.

An elevated train speeds by the window, shaking the entire room.

BLOND GIRL
Mmmmm, take me, Daddy!

She giggles, takes off her top and bra, and starts shaking her tits.

He rips off his shirt.

GOOSE
You're mine, baby!

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Evan lays back on Will's neatly-made bed, legs open.

Will starts kissing Evan's stomach, and starts to pull his shirt up.

EVAN
Wait, can I keep this on?

WILL
Aww, is my boy shy?

Will flips off the lights.

INT. GOOSE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Goose thrusts into the girl from behind, belly jiggling, hanging over her ass.

BLOND GIRL
Ooooh, hehe, I've been a bad girl daddy!

GOOSE
Just take it, baby!

INT. WILLS APARTMENT, NIGHT

Will pulls down Evan's pants and starts kissing his inner thighs.

EVAN

Oh, that's it baby!

Will pulls down Evan's underwear, and opens his mouth to suck. Nothing but air enters his mouth. He jumps back.

WILL

Wait- where is - Where's your-

INT. GOOSE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Goose picks the girl up and throws her onto her back.

She laughs.

He starts thrusting in her again.

BLOND GIRL

Uh oh!

GOOSE

Huh?

BLOND GIRL

Where'd my diapie go, Daddy?

Goose stops thrusting.

GOOSE

Can you not?

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

WILL

Dude, this is weird, I'm gay, you know?

EVAN

Yeah, I am too!

Will gets dressed, shaking his head.

WILL

Never using Grindr again.

INT. GOOSE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Goose groans; the blond girl screams and laughs.

BLOND GIRL
Did baby make a big stinky in her
diapie, Daddy?

Goose grabs an old t-shirt off the floor and cleans himself off.

GOOSE
What?

BLOND GIRL
Did you clean up my big stinky
diapie, Daddy?

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING, NIGHT

Evan stands on Will's stoop, holding his jacket, and zips up his pants.

EVAN
But I told you I was a bottom!

Will slams the door.

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT

Goose hands the blond girl her purse and coat.

BLOND GIRL
But you were having fun...

He smiles and shuts the door, groans, grabs a beer from the fridge, chugs a bunch of it, and enters the bathroom, leaving the door cracked open.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING, NIGHT

Evan walks down the street away from the apartment, and into a dark bar with some drag queens huddled outside.

INT. DRAG BAR, NIGHT

He sits at the bar with an empty can of beer and shot of whiskey. A middle aged queen with a Lolita costume pours him a second round.

He downs his shot and burps.

INT. EVAN'S BATHROOM, NIGHT

Goose places the beer on the counter, plays a hip hop song from his phone speakers, turns the shower on, and hops in.

INT. DRAG BAR, NIGHT

Evan enters a bathroom covered with graffiti.

A group of queens pass around bags of cocaine. There is one toilet, two urinals, and no stalls.

EVAN

Fuck!

Evan runs out of the bathroom and out of the bar, hopping a bit, hunched forward.

INT. EVAN'S BATHROOM, NIGHT

Goose dances to the rhythm while soaping up his ass.

GOOSE

By the way, what he say? He can
tell I ain't missin no meals?

His bar of soap goes flying out of his hand.

GOOSE (CONT'D)

Come through and check him in my
automobile?

He bends over to pick it up.

GOOSE (CONT'D)

Let him-

The shower curtain falls down.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
With his grills-

EXT. BUSHWICK STREET, NIGHT

Evan awkwardly sprints down the street with his headphones on, with his hands on his crotch.

INT. EVAN'S BATHROOM, NIGHT

Goose sighs, picks up the soap, stands up, closes his eyes, and scrubs up again.

GOOSE
This one is for my bitches with a
fat ass in the fuckin club. I said,
where my fat ass big bitches in the
club?

The door flies open. Evan pulls his pants down, sits on the toilet, lets out a torrent of urine and sighs.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
AAAAH!!!

EVAN
AAAAAH!!!

GOOSE
WHY ARE YOU-

EVAN
YOUR DICKS OUT!

GOOSE
I'M SHOWERING!

EVAN
I'M PISSING!

GOOSE
WHY ARE YOU SITTING DOWN??

INT. TRAVELER JACK'S GROCERIES, PRODUCE SECTION, MORNING

"The Sweet Escape" by Gwen Stefani plays on repeat over the sound system.

MIGUEL, Evan's manager in a Hawaiian shirt and 2k diamond studs, sits on a step ladder with a clipboard.

Anna Wick

INT. TRAVELER JACK'S, REGISTERS, MORNING

An old woman's head just barely peaks over Evan's register as she fails to notice the card reader beeping at her.

EVAN

"You wanna work cucumbers or
peaches?" I mean, ew!

A woman with long dark hair, and a huge slit in her skirt approaches the register.

Evan glances at her large hands, neck and jawline, swallows, and forces a smile.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Single or double bag?

LONDON
Single's fine, double's better...

Evan avoids eye contact.

LONDON (CONT'D)
Hey, have you been to the Fame
Factory? That venue didn't exist
before I moved out West.

EVAN
Uh, nah, don't really get out much
these days.

LONDON
Oh, well, I have a show there in a
couple days! I dunno, I guess I was
hoping you could tell me about the
vibe...

EVAN
Uh... When is it? Cash or card?

LONDON
I have cash. The 13th.

EVAN
That's this week? Yeah, just hope I
won't be late.

LONDON
Late, whatever, you know how these
things are.

EVAN
Yeah, it'll be cool. See ya then.

SETH, a Hasidic man, his pregnant wife, Rebecca, and their baby approach the register.

Another Hasidic child approaches the register carrying a chicken.

Rebecca leans over to grab chips from the bottom of the cart, and when she stands back up, is 9 months pregnant.

She leans over again, and comes back up holding a pack of soda cans and another baby.

MIGUEL

Hey girl, just checking in,
anything I way I can make this go a
little more smoothly for you?

ANGELINA, Miguel's boss, in a Hawaiian shirt and baggy
Dickies, approaches the register.

ANGELINA

Hey, Evan, buddy, is Miguel giving
you a hard time?

INT. EVANS'S APARTMENT, EVENING

Havarti screams. Evan drops his bags.

HAVARTI
I DID A MAKEUP AD TODAY!!!

EVAN
Oh fuck yeah, look at you taking over!

HAVARTI
Aaaaaah!!!! I've just been working so hard at this for so long, every agent I've ever had's told me my look just isn't "right" for beauty, and look now!

EVAN
You got any of the shots?

HAVARTI
Yeah, lemme find some BTS. It was so cool.

EVAN
What kind of makeup line was it? Or like, product, I dunno, what did they do with you?

HAVARTI
Hold on, I'm finding the pics.... But it was like, kind of subversive and raw, totally not like any look I've done before.

EVAN
Yeah?

HAVARTI
Yeah. And they went really quick, too! I was the last girl on set, the others had been there for hours and were all wearing a camouflage theme, which like, why is there fashion in a makeup campaign? But whatever.

EVAN
Okay, interesting.

HAVARTI
Yeah, like all the busy work was done getting ready for my part I think, which was really highlighting the products.

EVAN
Nice! What products?

HAVARTI
Well first there were some photos just of me letting my skin shine, then they gave me a really raw, kind of bare warrior look. Look!

She shows him a photo with all of her acne breathing, and a photo with concealer on.

EVAN
Holy shit. Holy shit! I'm so proud of you!

HAVARTI
And they say black girls can't do beauty!

Evan smiles.

EVAN
Just rock it. You got it.

HAVARTI
Thanks, anyways, out to celebrate! Bye, bitch!

Havarti goes back out the front door as Goose comes home.

Goose cracks open a beer from the fridge.

EVAN
Jesus, how can someone's self image be that distorted?

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH, MORNING

Evan tries to make sense of the map on his phone as he walks down the sidewalk.

And old man pops up in front of him yelling in Russian.

INT. HOLDING WAREHOUSE, MORNING

PA 1
Name?

EVAN
Eisenberg.

The second PA raises her brow at PA 1.

PA 1
Huh. Really?

EVAN
What?

The second PA clears her throat.

PA 1
Um. Number and role?

EVAN
18, Guy in Thong Speedo #4.

Seeing others already in their swimwear, Evan runs to the bathroom.

He takes a huge, flaccid, rubber dick with a piss funnel in it out of his backpack, and secures it over his vagina with his tape, tucked tightly into his Speedo.

He sits back down at an empty table, and puts his headphones on.

Three other guys in Speedos sit at the table next to him.

SPEEDO 1

No, like, I'm actually an actor, though, haha. No offense if you guys like this, but I only take these background gigs to keep me grounded to the people, you know?

SPEEDO 2

Oh? I thought our group today was all non-union?

SPEEDO 1

Well, yeah, but like, I'm only a handful of featured rolls away from mandatory SAG registration. Plus I trained, so.

SPEEDO 3

Which method? Where at?

SPEEDO 2

It doesn't matter, you can't teach talent.

SPEEDO 1
Tell me that after you train under
a Coppola.

SPEEDO 2
Which one?

SPEEDO 3
Well, I worked with Otis Lort a
couple weeks ago.

SPEEDO 1
That clown?

SPEEDO 3
We had this moment of like, intense
eye contact while he was having one
of his fits, and it felt like him
telling me I'm gonna make it, you
know?

Evan snores at his table; lighting in the warehouse reflects
the sun moving through the sky overhead.

INT. HOLDING WAREHOUSE, EVENING

PA 2
13 THROUGH 27! 13 THROUGH 27 LINE
UP AT THE DOOR! 13 THROUGH 27 LINE
UP AT THE DOOR! 13 THROUGH 27 LINE
UP AT THE DOOR!

EXT. BEACH, EVENING

Evan and the other gays are walked out to the beach, where a
volleyball rave situation is set up for the takes.

The AD tells Evan he is to walk from A to B, circle behind
the camera, and walk from A to B, again and again. He does
so with beaming confidence.

The Stars are brought out: A male and female detective.

The Lady Detective makes eye contact with Evan - and holds it.

Neither of them are sure when to look away, or why he caught her interest.

Evan sweats, and readjusts his dick, just a little bit.

Evan walks his new A to B in the foreground of the stars,
and fails to notice his dick falling out of his speedo.

The Gent Detective trips, and falls face first into a tray
of prop jello shots.

Evan's dick lays in the sand at his feet.

The Lady Detective holds it up.

LADY DETECTIVE
Is that a funnel?

DIRECTOR
WHOSE DICK IS THIS? NOT A QUESTION
I'VE ASKED SINCE I HAD MY STRAIGHT
PHASE IN COLLEGE!

INT. HOLDING WAREHOUSE, EVENING

Evan bursts through the doors, grabs his backpack, and bursts back out.

He comes back in, and runs to the bathroom.

He comes out of the bathroom in pants and a shirt, and runs back out the doors.

He runs back in, and approaches the PAs.

He grabs his paperwork and sprints out the doors.

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT, EVENING

Goose slams a six pack of PBR onto the table.

GOOSE
You need one.

EVAN
I want one, but-

GOOSE
You need one.

Evan groans and sits on the table.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
How'd that shoot today go?

EVAN
Eh? the extra bullshit?

GOOSE
Mmm.

Goose gets up to do the dishes.

EVAN
Dime a dozen.

GOOSE
Eh?

EVAN
Hours in holding to walk back and forth on camera a few times.

GOOSE
Mmm.

EVAN
You working on anything interesting lately?

GOOSE
Eh? Nah. Snapping a spot for some official NYCLGBT thing next week.

EVAN
Mmm.

GOOSE
We need more models.

EVAN
Mmm.

GOOSE
Eh?

EVAN
I just don't know if like, I want being queer to be like, my whole thing, you know?

GOOSE
Mmm.

EVAN

Like, just cuz I'm trans doesn't mean I'm not a man. I want normal kinds of roles.

GOOSE

Sure buddy, I get you.

EVAN

Yeah, sorry man.

GOOSE

Nah, it's cool.

EVAN

Mmm.

GOOSE

When's the last time you had acid?

EVAN

Eh-

There's a knock on the door.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Havarti's locked out again.

Evan opens the door for Peru, aging out of his studded vest, hair dyed Manic Panic red. He wears skinny plaid pants, platform shoes, a bullet belt with a third of the bullets missing, and a black leather hat, holding a six pack of PBR and a liter of whiskey.

PERU

Hey, girl! Sorry, I mean, like in a gay, like- Hahahaha, I've already maybe a had a couple... Good to see you!

GOOSE

Did you give him the code to the building?

PERU

Whoa! You live with another punk?

Goose takes some foil out of his pocket, and holds it in front of Evan's face.

INT. PUNK SQUAT

Evan and Peru are lost in a crowd at the feet of Choking Victim, old and bedraggled on stage in rags.

Stza scream-croaks unintelligibly into the microphone, missing most of the chords he tries to hit on a scraped-up black Telecaster, "THIS NON-GENDER-SPECIFIC MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS" scrawled across the guitar's face.

He wobbles on his feet.

His band plays no better. They end the song to fervent applause and incomprehensible hollers.

Stza lets his guitar hang off his body and approaches the mic while the drummer kicks off a new beat.

STZA
YAAAAAAAH!!!

The crowd roars.

STZA (CONT'D)
This next song, is an old song...

The crowd screams.

STZA (CONT'D)
It's about the war against America
by America and Palestine and the
war on Palestine and
gentrification! GENTRIFICATION IS
THE STRUGGLE! PALESTINE IS
GENTRIFIED!

PERU
FUCK THAT! FUCK AMERICA!!

STZA
THIS CITY IS PALESTINE! THE WARS
ARE THE DISTRACTION!

EVAN
Wooooo!!!!

STZA
Gentrification is the war! Gender
and sex are the tools of- when the
oppressors of sex and - RENT IS
ISRAEL! ISRAEL IS POLICE! HOLLYWOOD
DID 9/11!!

EVAN AND PERU
YEAAAAH!!!!

The band starts playing again.

A huge hulk of a man jumps off the stage to crowd surf and lands on two pre-teens.

A middle-aged Rockabilly couple rams into Evan while aggressively making out. Evan downs a couple sips of whiskey from his plastic bottle. His phone rings.

PERU
Yo dude, I'm in a room below the roof!

EVAN
What?

PERU
13th floor!

The call is dropped, and Evan starts hauling ass up the stairs.

He passes someone drawing dicks on the wall, a teen girl sitting down smoking meth, and a couple screaming at each other both for each cheating.

Endless burning tealights and candle sticks glow in silence, encompassing the entire floor space. A gust of wind blows through a window, causing the flame to flicker.

Evan very carefully pulls the door back shut behind him as he retreats to the hall. He takes out his phone and dials Peru. Someone in a clown costume pushes past him in the hall as the line rings.

EVAN
Yo, which room below the roof??

PERU
Yeah, a room before the roof!

EVAN
Which one??

The call drops.

Evan just pushes on another closed door.

The next door is locked - but it opens up from the other side, to shine some dim light on the room's absolute darkness, and drunken chatter from around 13 people.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Peru, you in here?

STRANGER
CLOSE THE DOOR, IT'S A DARK PARTY!

Evan enters the dark party.

EVAN
Anyone know where the bathroom is?

STRANGER 2
Wherever you want it to be, babe.

Evan leaves, and goes down the hall towards what he is thrilled to discover is a bathroom.

He sits on the toilet and releases - to realize there's no toilet paper. He groans, delicately pulls up his denim shorts and briefs, and goes to the sink.

Brown water runs over his hands.

He gags, and takes a step back - onto a pile of shit.

Evan pukes into his hands, as he backs away from the pile of shit and back into the hall, and wipes it on his jeans.

EVAN
Peru! PERU! Where are you??

Three naked people sprint past him in the hall.

He rams open a door behind him - in the room, a woman sits on horseback, repairing a pistol.

Evan turns his head over to peak at the stairwell - indeed, too tight to drag a horse up.

NORMIE GUY
Hey, buddy, you just gonna stand in my doorway?

A dude in a white tee and some flannel PJs stands in a tidy bedroom, yawning.

NORMIE GUY (CONT'D)
I gotta work tomorrow.

7EVAN
Where's the horse?

NORMIE GUY
Ask literally anyone else here?

EVAN

Uh - have a good night, sorry.

The dude slams the door in Evan's face.

Evan moves to the next - he pushes on the door, it won't move.

It opens from the other side, to a room with flashing neon lights and 5 people twitching out to heavy electronic music. A girl with a clown nose tries to pull Evan inside.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, just looking for someone...

Evan closes the door to the mini rave, pushes open the last door on the floor, and hears a smattering of squeaks.

A family of mice devour some stale bread next to a bald guy on a bare floor in stained whitey tighties, shooting brown liquid between his toes.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Hell no.

He slams the door, pulls out his phone and opens Peru's contact, puts his phone away and goes back to the stairwell towards the roof.

An old witchy-looky woman in black sings warbled ooh's and aah-s as Evan stumbles up past her.

At the top of the stairwell, under a fritzing red light in the doorway to the roof, a graying old mastiff drools.

Evan scratches his ears as he walks past.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Peru? Peru??

STZA

That you?

Evan whips around and sees the tired frontman leaning against a wall with a bottle of whiskey cigarette.

EVAN

That who?

Stza comes over and corners Evan into the stairwell.

STZA

Where do I know you from?

EVAN

I don't know if you would remember-

Stza pushes Evan up against the wall.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I was at a lot of your shows a few years ago-

The Witch singing in the stairwell stands on the other side of the roof behind Stza's shoulder.

EVAN (CONT'D)

-and I was on a quick tour around the bay with Bluebird Moor once-

The Witch vanishes.

Stza grabs Evan. They kiss, and Stza aggressively sucks and chews around Evan's neck.

Sucking on Evan's ear, Stza bites a piece of his lobe off. Evan first freezes, then runs towards the stairwell.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAWN

A Young Girl runs down a mountainside under starlight, barefoot and nude. The ground is covered in pine needles, aspen leaves, cacti, and rocks. She winces with some pain, but runs straight down the hill.

INT. PUNK SQUAT

Evan runs down the stairs and straight into the same couple there arguing on his way up.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAWN

The Girl keeps running, bare feet filthy, and trips on a rock. She brushes off and keeps going downhill.

INT. PUNK SQUAT

Evan sprints down more flights of stairs, tripping on someone passed out in the stairway, but catching his balance.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAWN

The Girl keeps running down the mountain. She steps on a cactus and hits her head on a tree branch, tumbling down.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, NIGHT

Evan sees the L pulling up and hops the turnstile. His foot catches one of the bars, and he falls flat on his face as the train pulls out of the station.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAWN

The Girl stands up. She spins, confused, examining her surroundings, and slowly walks uphill.

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT, DAWN

Evan splashes water on his swollen face in front of his bathroom mirror.

PERU

Evan! EVAN!!

Evan runs through the apartment in his towel to his bedroom window.

PERU (CONT'D)

You got somewhere I can lock this up?

Peru stands on the curb with a new 6-pack of beer, a half-drunk bag of wine, and a 17-ft tall bicycle.

PERU (CONT'D)

Totally lost ya at the show!

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM, MORNING

Evan reaches for concealer to cover his bruises - it's emptied.

INT. HAVARTI'S ROOM, MORNING

Evan creeps in, knowing she'd be on the phone at this hour if she were home. He sits down at her vanity.

Evan applies a tube of brick red lipstick.

He fits a pink wig on himself.

Havarti enters and screams.

Evan starts crying.

INT. TRAVELER JACK'S, REGISTERS, MORNING

Evan clocks in with Havarti's wig, his beard showing through a pound of foundation.

"The Sweet Escape" by Gwen Stefani plays.

ZION
How was the game last night?

XAVIER
I dunno, bro, I ain't go!

ZION
Why you-

XAVIER
My boy got Blake tickets. Shit was
fire.

ZION
Blake's pussy, nigga!

XAVIER
Blake's real, man, you a pussy
nigga!

ZION
Yooo, who's that new pussy?

They glance over at Evan in his wig.

XAVIER
That ain't pussy.

EVAN

No, no, you guys all know me! It's Evan! Well. Call me Izzy, I'd appreciate it.

THERESA

Why not at least honor the name your parents gave you?

EVAN

I am...

THERESA

Well... Congratulations!

REBECCA

You know, Sir, if you want a more natural look, I can send you to a place! Don't tell Esther, she still thinks I only buy my hair from her, but this goy in Crown Heights sells the exact pieces for half the price! And she's not afraid of the queers like some of my people are. You know, I value my traditions, but that doesn't mean everyone else has to follow them - Mordechai, no! Take your sister off that shelf! The other shelf! Your other sister! I'm sorry, did you know you're absolutely, shmeckle-fessing nuts?

EVAN

What?

REBECCA

Did you scan the bananas, cocoa and nuts?

EVAN

UH-

REBECCA

Seth! Grab me bananas, cocoa, nuts!

SETH

Bananas, cocoa, nuts?

CHILDREN

Bananas, cocoa, nuts! Bananas, cocoa, nuts! Bananas, cocoa, nuts! Bananas, cocoa, nuts!

The registers start chiming in rhythm.

MIGUEL

Girl, ya crazy, ya mental, ya trippin, ya bonkers

REBECCA

Bananas, cocoa, nuts!

MIGUEL

You're nuts!

ZION
You a man or a lady?

THOMAS
You talk to your family?

XAVIER
You got a hot dog or a bun?

ALI
I think we're out of cardamom!

STEFFI

Do you guys sell any duck?

THERESA

When's the last time you got
fucked?

MIGUEL

I mean, dat ass is hella thick

ETHAN

Promise you won't cut off your
dick!

EVAN

I swear, I never had a dick!

Evan's card reader continues beeping to the rhythm.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You can remove your card from the
reader, ma'am.

EXT. DESERT, DAY

A lizard basks on a rock.

The high noon sun casts nearly no shadow on a vast expanse
of dry hills.

From over the horizon, a figure appears, slowly.

It's a tired man in an old, long robe, riding atop a donkey.

The donkey seems to barely inch forward, weighed down by
more than his jockey.

Sweat drips from the man's brow as the sun hits his eyes.

He pulls a flask from his hip, carefully unscrews the lid,
and pulls it to his lips.

Dry.

The donkey stops walking, looks back at his jockey, and
breys.

A shadow appears in the sand.

The man and his ass are approached by a COURIER on an E-
Bike.

COURIER
You Otis Lort?

OTIS
What? What?

ASST DIR
Cut!

The Courier hands Otis a manila envelope.

COURIER (CONT'D)
You got served.

ASST DIR
Cut! Cut!

Otis hops off the donkey and tears open the envelope.

He's swarmed by the hair and makeup team as he tries to read.

He pulls out the documents, squints, pulls them further from his face, and turns to a glare and frown.

DIRECTOR

OTIS!!

Otis has turned red. A vein on his head starts pulsing.

He steps towards the courier.

OTIS

I WILL FUCKING END YOU!

The Donkey runs off.

The director walks into the group and straight up to Otis.

DIRECTOR

Otis, I will fucking end you if you bring the dramatics onto this set.

OTIS

Bring the- I didn't bring shit, it just came to me in the god damned desert! Like a motherfucking mirage!

ASST DIR

Otis-

OTIS

Bring the dramatics. Bring the god damned dramatics! It's a god damned drama!

ASST DIR

Otis, this has been a problem for you historically. Your personal life cutting into your work-

OTIS

What? What?

DIRECTOR

Otis, we can't-

OTIS

Do you know how I work? Do you know why I'm so fucking good at what I do? Why I can get as upset as I fucking need to and still fucking deliver?

The director walks away.

ASST DIR

Jesus. Everybody take 10 before we reset.

OTIS

It's because my work IS my personal life! Every role I take, every story I was involved in, every single awful blockbuster-

A camera crew rolls between Otis and the director.

OTIS (CONT'D)

-EVERY THING I DO IN MY WORK, IS DIRECTLY RELATED TO MY PERSONAL LIFE! I'm not pulling from thin air, I'm pulling from real experience and pain, all so that you sad motherfuckers can have your bread and circuses.

COURIER

Um. Excuse me, I still need you to sign for this?

As he signs, a young girl with a walkie talkie, clipboard and coffee approaches him.

PA

Excuse me, Mr. Lort, um, we wanted to know if you were staying today, and if not, um, if you need a car anywhere-

OTIS

Is this hot coffee?

PA

Um-

OTIS

How many degrees is it out here right now? Did I ask for a car anywhere?

Otis rips the envelope he was served in half, and pours the PA's coffee on it. He goes into a trailer and slams the door.

PA
Is that a 'no'?

INT. OTIS'S TRAILER

Otis rips off his robe, drinks some whiskey, and sits on the ground with a gun and a photo of a couple toddlers, a boy and a girl, laughing together at a swimming people.

He gets up, puts on black jeans, a white tee, his leather jacket, and boots. He grabs his keys, throws a motorcycle on, and slams his door as he exits.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Light pours into a huge conference room through vertical blinds over floor-to-ceiling windows.

Ice melts in a scotch glass.

A vape cloud fills the room, and clears away to reveal an old, bald, fat white man with huge rings too small for his fingers, in a tailored black suit.

The man next to him, with glasses and a grey suit, taps away on his laptop.

Next to the man in gray, a guy with a navy yamakah to match his suit downs his scotch and refills the glass.

A phone rings from the other side of the room - one of two men in dingy jeans and sneakers, with brand new Dodgers caps, fumbles to answer it, nearly dropping his gun.

The man in black whips his head toward the goons and glares.

The goon silences his phone.

The oversized double doors swing open.

The goons cock their guns.

Otis stands in the entry holding his motorcycle helmet.

The man in navy turns to them, and they lower their weapons.

The man in black reclines in his seat.

BLACK

So you glad you could honor us!
Pour a glass, relax.

Otis declines the whiskey, still shaken from his share earlier, and sits down a few chairs away from his manager, attorney and accountant.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Now I'm no moralist. I'm no feminist. I believe in equality. I don't personally care how you treat the women you romance. But Money Boy, Otis - you, and you alone, are my entire career. How is my career gonna manage this?

OTIS

Finally pick up another client?

BLACK

And you not be my priority anymore? You know how many strings we've pulled just to allow for you to work? You're my whole world, Otis, I've given my entire adult life to seeing you shine.

OTIS

I don't want to shine. I don't want to exist.

NAVY

You shine. You exist. You do what we say. Want to know what we say about this lawsuit?

OTIS

It's bullshit.

Black puffs on his vape.

BLACK

That's bullshit.

Black pours a glass of scotch for Otis, and slides it over to him.

Black, Gray and Navy all quietly stare at him, waiting.

He just barely touches the glass to his lips.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Atta boy.

GRAY

Now, you don't wanna waste time denying these allegations. There isn't any arguing that any of this happened. If I may:

He adjusts his glasses and holds the court document out in front of him.

GRAY (CONT'D)

"Lort did not deny that he used violence on Delilah. Indeed Lort admitted it in a text message that, "I do remember removing her from the car in the desert". Lort stated that he removed Delilah "by her arms".

BLACK

You admit to any of it, you admit to all of it, far as the public's concerned.

Otis sweats.

OTIS

Yeah, I already owned up to hitting her.

NAVY

That's not our primary concern, Otis.

BLACK

Some of this is is just embarrassing. I don't give a shit how you treat your whores, but it's a matter of public perception. And you aren't being perceived as a man who can make any good judgement, Otis.

OTIS

Look, most of this is hearsay.

BLACK

Well, we don't perceive you as being mentally stable enough to make that declaration.

OTIS

I'm stable. I'm stable! I'm in therapy. I'm sober.

NAVY
You're drunk right now.

OTIS
I am not taking any drugs including
alcohol. I'm in therapy weekly.

BLACK
LSD and marijuana are drugs, Otis.

GRAY
Do you not feel stable enough
without them?

Otis clears his throat.

BLACK
You gotta say something?

OTIS
No, I-

NAVY
Now's a good time.

Otis glances at the goons.

OTIS
I just- what point are you getting
to? What are we doing about this?

GRAY
Just listen, Mickey.

Navy takes the laptop from Gray.

NAVY
"Lort suffered recurring periods of
delusions wherein he armed himself
with firearms on the belief "gang
members" were going to break down
his door at any moment, going so
far as to sleep with these guns."

GRAY
You aren't touching your scotch,
son. It's a fine bottle.

Otis fakes another sip.

BLACK
You've never encountered any gang
members, have you Otis?

Otis shakes his head.

GRAY

Do you have some reason to be
afraid of gang members, Otis?

Otis shakes his head.

BLACK

If you feel unsafe, that's what
we're here for, you know that,
right Otis?

OTIS

Can we move on?

GRAY

"Despite his endless mistreatment
of Delilah, Lort had succeeded in
isolating her from her friends,
family and others that could help
extricate her from the toxic
relationship. Lort's domineering
treatment of Delilah had allowed
him to convince her that he was a
victim."

BLACK

What are you a victim of, Otis?

Otis holds his hands in fists and huffs through his nose.

White knuckles.

BLACK (CONT'D)

You think you're a victim? What are
you a victim of?

GRAY

Someone took advantage of Richie
Rich?

OTIS

WHAT IS THIS?

He's leapt from his chair.

OTIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this meeting,
actually?

BLACK

Sit down.

OTIS
Stand up!

GRAY
Sit down. Boss calling.

Otis huffs and slumps down in his chair.

GARY
Hello sir, I'm with-

SAM
You there? Can you-

NAVY
We're here, can you- what did I hit
I-

SAM
Hey, can you hear me?

NAVY
I can hear you!

SAM
How about now?

BLACK
Hey, how's the kids?

SAM
Yes! Yes! I can hear you!

SAM

Well, that's a load of horseshit!
You've never told the truth, and
you never will. You've had years
and years... You're a coward, Otis.
You treated this woman with
cowardice, like you've treated all
of your women, and this is the
consequence. You have to settle and
get your act together.

OTIS

You have the nerve to call me a
coward? While the world doesn't
even know you exist?

SAM

Tell you what, I'll double it.
Whatever the court makes you settle
out to her, I'll double it.

OTIS

I'm not settling. I'm not lying
anymore.

SAM

Triple.

Sam hangs up.

OTIS

Why am I paying you if you're not
going to let me make ANY of my own
decision?

BLACK

I'd examine your stability.

OTIS

You're all fired.

NAVY

Not according to who signs our
checks.

Otis walks towards the double doors, and lets them slam
behind him.

He screams.

EXT. LONDON'S HOUSE, AFTERNOON

Otis pulls up to a tidy little Spanish home on his motorcycle, which he throws on the lawn.

He bangs on the door wooden door with the iron knocker, and then his fists.

He sits down and puts his head in his hands.

He rises again, and throws his helmet at the door.

He starts banging on the door again.

OTIS

LONDON!!

He attempts a call on his phone; no answer.

He calls again, and again.

He bangs on the door again.

He looks in the window, and sees her lights on.

He tries to jimmy the window open.

He steps around back, trampling the flowers, and fails to open the back door.

He starts hyperventilating, pacing, and sits down back at the front door, hugging his knees.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Tree, bike, fence, car, clouds...

OTIS (CONT'D)
Birds, traffic, wind-

The front door to the house swings open behind him - Otis jumps out of skin.

London's soaking wet, dripping through a towel, skin glowing in the late afternoon, long, dark hair, dripping. Slight stubble shows on her chin and Adam's apple. Her hand almost looks too big for the phone she's clutching.

LONDON
I saw what happened.

Otis shakes.

OTIS
Who's there with you?

LONDON
What? Nobody, it's just me, babe.

OTIS
Why didn't you answer earlier then?

London motions at her towel.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Why didn't you call earlier if you saw it??

LONDON
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry-

Otis squeezes her, crying, and starts kissing the nape of her neck, digging his nails into her thigh.

She pushes her off of him.

LONDON (CONT'D)
Come inside, just come inside.

Otis grabs her hand as she guides him to her bedroom, past a living room filled with paintings, keyboards and guitars.

OTIS

All I did was tell her the truth!

LONDON

Get up, come inside - come on.

Otis starts sobbing.

OTIS

I just tried to tell her the truth!

He clutches onto her so dramatically, they both nearly topple over.

LONDON

What happened, honey?

INT. LONDON'S HOUSE, AFTERNOON

London sits at the edge of her bed with Otis's head in her lap.

LONDON

I know it hurts, but maybe from her perspective, some of the ways you tried to-

OTIS

It isn't fair! I am a victim!!

LONDON

Okay, I know, but Otis, you're not listening to me. I can't just-

OTIS

And she got that, you know? Like maybe she didn't believe me, but she knew something had to have happened, like, fucking look at me. Crying to you.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I just don't understand how things
got like this, all I did was love
her!

LONDON

Did you love her like you love me?

Otis's phone rings; he silences it.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Okay. I can't do this with you
anymore. I have my own-

Otis's phone rings, again. He silences it.

Otis's phone rings; he answers it.

OTIS
Stop fucking calling me! Talk to JC
about it.

SAM
It's her. I wanted you to hear it
from me first.

OTIS
Hold on.

Otis gets up and locks himself in London's bathroom,

OTIS (CONT'D)
What?

SAM.
She's awake.

Otis takes a beat.

OTIS
What?

SAM
She's awake.

OTIS
How awake?

SAM
I don't know. She's playing dress-
up like a woman.

OTIS
What- Why? What does she know?

SAM
I don't know. And you're not gonna
try to find out. If you dare
acknowledge any-

OTIS
Then why tell me this?? WHY TELL ME
ANY OF THIS?

SAM
Ten million.

OTIS
Fuck you.

Otis returns to the bedroom, where London's put on a dress.

He grabs her and throws her face first onto the bed, ripping
the dress off and trying to tie it around her wrists.

She kicks him in the face.

OTIS (CONT'D)
What the hell?

LONDON
Did you hear me? I'm not doing this
for you anymore!

Otis sits up on the ground, holding his nose.

OTIS
What are you talking about?

LONDON
I told you before that call, I'm
done.

Otis rises to his feet.

OTIS
Done with what, exactly?

LONDON
I'm not your therapist or your
mother.

OTIS
No, angel, you're the love of my
life.

LONDON

I don't know if you understand what that means, or the cage it's put me in.

Otis sits down on the bed.

LONDON (CONT'D)

I can't be your secret anymore. I have my own problems and my own ambitions. This is too much for me.

Otis tears up.

OTIS

Since when?

LONDON

Since you stopped seeing me.

OTIS

I'm looking right at you.

LONDON

Okay, since you stopped loving me.

She crosses her legs and turns her torso away from him.

OTIS

You're really blindsiding me with this. What've I ever done to you except love you?

LONDON

If you loved me, you would've heard me and seen this coming.

Otis stands up and gazes at the ground.

OTIS

When have you ever told me you were anything but happy?

LONDON

I can't help that you don't hear me.

OTIS

But you're the only person who's really there for me. You're the only person I can trust and open up to. You're the only one who's ever accepted the truth about me.

LONDON
And that's all I am.

OTIS
That's not true.

LONDON
Name one thing you love about me
other than what I do for you.

OTIS
What do you do for me?? The
thousands and thousands I've spent
on-

LONDON
Oh, please.

She gets off the bed and goes over to her closet, rifling
through some dresses.

OTIS
Let's talk about everything I've
done for you, starting with that
body. Goddamned degenerate.

She throws a long-skirted blue top over a white slip, and
whips her hair around as she turns back to face him.

LONDON
My body's all you've done for me,
and that was for you! What about
the record deal?

OTIS
You know what? You aren't a good
musician. Being otherworldly and
taking care of me, that's what
you're good at.

LONDON
I'm a human being.

OTIS
You're a woman, right?

London stands speechless.

OTIS (CONT'D)
You're a woman, right? You wanted
womanhood?

LONDON

I hate you.

OTIS

You wanted womanhood, right??
Congratulations! This is it!

LONDON

Fuck you.

OTIS

Fuck me, fuck you. I fucking saved
your ass. Begging on Twitter for
tits your body never intended you
to have, you sick fuckin perv, it's
a goddamn miracle for you that I
found you. And those other
surgeries, well!

LONDON

You didn't do any of that for me!
You molded me for you!

OTIS

You wanted it.

LONDON

I wanted to become myself. I didn't
want to be owned.

OTIS

Whatever, you'd be just another
crossdressing faggot without me.
Insipid whore.

LONDON

Okay, I'm a faggot, what does that
make you?

OTIS

IT MAKES ME A SHIT-EATING, PISS-
SOAKED FAGGOT, LONDON!

LONDON

You fuck your mother with that
mouth?

Otis punches her in the jaw.

She lands on a side table on her way to the floor, taking a
photo of the two of them down with her.

The photo frame's glass is shattered.

Otis leaves without looking back at London.

He slams the door behind him, puts on his jacket and helmet, and tears up her grass as he speeds off her lawn.

INT. GYMNASIUM, DAY

ROB

Hi, I'm Rob, I'm an addict. Um, I've been having a lot of nightmares the last few days. Trying to learn from them. One of them last night, I was mixing a bunch of shit in a hotel room, and like, I died, and I loved it. But I still got up, and looked in the mirror, and saw my uncle.

BOB

Aw, BJ-

COLIN

No cross talk!

BOB

Sorry.

ROB

Um, I think I've been telling myself I came in here to be better for my kids, but the truth is, I'm terrified of my future looking like that. Just numbing myself while I turn into a walking punchline for everyone around me to pity, marching towards inevitable suicide-

BOB

That was an overdose! That was an overdose!

COLIN

No cross talk!

KEVIN

Fuck off!

ROB

Yeah, he killed himself overdosing!

BOB

It wasn't on purpose! That wasn't a suicide! He just partied a lot!

ROB

Come on, Dad. He'd been walking that line since before I was born.

BOB

What's wrong with you?

ROB

What's wrong with me? What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you? The man couldn't even sit at a family dinner without loading up on enough dope to kill Courtney Love, what part of how he interacted with the world made you think he wanted to be here?

BOB

Dan was just hurting! He just made a mistake! An overdose isn't a suicide!

ROB

It's a coward's suicide!

BOB

Fuck off, BJ, just because he couldn't bear the pain doesn't mean he didn't want to be here! He wanted being here to hurt less! That was an accident!

ROB

Pros like him don't have accidents!

BOB

He loved us! He loved being alive!

ROB

Then he'd have stuck around.

BOB

He loved us! He did! He loved us!

ROB

That's BS! Let's ask him!

BOB

Come here. Come here and hit me in the face as hard as you can.

ROB
I'm not hitting you.

BOB
Hit me!

The gymnasium doors slam open.

DR. TRAN
Eisenberg!

IZZY
What?

DR. TRAN
Can we speak?

IZZY
Yeah?

Everyone in the AA meeting stares at them.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Oh.

Izzy gets out of her chair and follows Dr. Tran into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY, DAY

DR. TRAN
Um... you said you'd be willing to speak to a doctor from outside this institution?

IZZY
Yeah, I guess.

DR. TRAN
Well there's someone here for you today.

IZZY
Okay?

DR. TRAN
Right now.

IZZY
Sure.

DR. TRAN

Now, it's just gonna be and him and 2 or 3 other people, and you can refuse any question and leave at any time, is that understood?

IZZY

Yeah, whatever.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Izzy and Dr. Tran enter a room of about 20 doctors and students from across the state.

Dr. Tran smiles.

Izzy looks upon the crowd in horror.

DR. TRAN

Everyone, Dr. Marshall, thank you for being here today! Izzy, Dr. Marshall here will be performing the interview questions, everyone else is just observing, like they aren't even here, okay?

IZZY

What is this?

DR. MARSHALL

Hey Izzy-

IZZY

It's Iz. For right now.

DR. MARSHALL

Hey Iz, take a seat. Dr. Tran thought I might be better suited to guide you towards the help you need.

IZZY

The only help I need is some proper clothing and testosterone.

DR. MARSHALL

Right. Let's talk about that.

IZZY

What's there to talk about?

DR. MARSHALL

My understanding is that you undoubtedly have post traumatic stress disorder, and willfully admit so?

IZZY

Correct.

DR. MARSHALL

But you don't know what caused it?

IZZY

No.

DR. MARSHALL

You don't know what happened to you?

IZZY

Nothing happened to me. I mean, my dad has a temper, but nothing bad.

DR. MARSHALL

And you think you're a boy.

IZZY

I am a boy.

DR. MARSHALL

You're a female.

IZZY

Yes.

DR. MARSHALL

So you're a woman.

IZZY

I'm not a woman! I am female and a man.

DR. MARSHALL

What do you mean?

IZZY

I have a male brain, despite my body.

DR. MARSHALL

What is a male brain?

IZZY

It's different than a female brain... Mine doesn't operate like women's do. I have different interests and a different kind of personality than women, and being trapped in this body where people think I am a woman makes them expect me to act a certain way... But it's not the way I'm supposed to act. Because I'm not actually a woman.

DR. MARSHALL

Okay.... I want to segue into a related topic. Can you tell me about your relationships?

IZZY

Pretty broad.

DR. MARSHALL

What is your relationship history like? DO you have a partner? Do you date men or women?

IZZY

Um... I'm bi. I have people I date, I've had a couple boyfriends...

DR. MARSHALL

How long did your relationships with your boyfriends last?

IZZY

Why?

DR. MARSHALL

How many people have you slept with?

Izzy gets up to leave.

DR. TRAN

Hold on-

IZZY

No, you said if I wasn't comfortable-

DR. TRAN

Just a few more minutes.

IZZY

Fine.

DR. MARSHALL

Thank you, you're being very brave!
What about your friendships? Are
those very strong?

IZZY

Oh, I've got a bunch of friends
from different places. Mostly
around the music scene here.

DR. MARSHALL

Yeah, that's great! What do you and
your friends do for fun?

IZZY

Um, we go to shows...

DR. MARSHALL

Do you guys take a lot of drugs?

IZZY

I'm in rehab.

DR. MARSHALL

Do you do anything else with your
friends?

IZZY

What does this have to do with
anything?

DR. MARSHALL

I'm interested in your hobbies.
What interests you.

IZZY

I dunno. I just like learning.

DR. MARSHALL

Yeah, how'd you do in school?

IZZY

Well, I dropped out, but I was kind
of going through it.

DR. MARSHALL

Do you consider yourself smart?

IZZY

I do.

DR. MARSHALL

But you have no hobbies, dropped
out of school and think you're a
man.

IZZY

I am a man! My problem is that
people like you refuse to
understand that!

DR. MARSHALL

Are you familiar with the Dunning-
Krueger Effect?

INT. HALLWAY, DAY

Dr. Tran, Dr. Marshall and a few of the students run down
the hallway, chasing after Izzy.

DR. TRAN

Izzy, he only has a few more
questions!

DR. MARSHALL

I didn't mean to offend you!

DR. TRAN

We need to publish this!

INT. WOMEN'S DORM, DAY

The women sit circled on the couches in the common area.

LINDSAY

Are you joining us?

IZZY

No.

INT. IZZY'S ROOM, DAY

Izzy slams her door behind her, catches her breath, and goes
into her bathroom.

She glares at herself, and tries to punch the harm-proof
steel "mirror", hurting her hand.

She hits the wall.

She starts banging her head on the wall.

She screams, and goes and throws herself face down on her twin bed.

Her body tenses up. She shakes, and cries, but cannot seem to move.

Simone gently opens her door.

SIMONE

Hey, babe, you gonna join us for the group checkin?

IZZY

Don't call me that!

SIMONE

Okay, asshole, you gonna join us for the group checkin?

IZZY

I don't belong in there.

SIMONE

So?

IZZY

So I don't belong anywhere.

SIMONE

You think anyone "belongs" anywhere? You think any of the people out there are stoked on belonging here?

Izzy ignores her, and folds a crane from a page ripped out of the Big Book.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

All you can do is make the best of where you are. Come on out.

Izzy rips the crane in half and screams.

IZZY

I can't do this anymore!

SIMONE

Do what?

IZZY
Exist! I can't have my life!

SIMONE
But you do.

IZZY
Why can't I be someone else? Why
can't this end? Why can't I do
anything right?

SIMONE
Well...

IZZY
I like - I can't get out of my
head, or in it. I don't know what I
want, I don't know what I'm
thinking - I like, watch myself, do
things I don't want to do, and I
hate it! I HATE IT! I HATE ME! I
DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX ME!

SIMONE
Izzy, are-

IZZY
When does this end? Why can't it
just end?

SIMONE
Because it's not over yet. There
are brighter spots ahead!

IZZY
Where?

INT. WOMEN'S DORM, DAY

The ladies sit huddled on couches with coloring books and
coffee mugs.

BRIANNA
... And I feel like, renewed, and
no conflict with the wedding
planner's gonna change that!

Lindsay and Simone applaud.

CHERYL
I had a wedding once!

SIMONE
Iz, will check in with us?

IZZY
I wanna cut my tits off.

SIMONE
Inappropriate.

IZZY
Inappropriate? You know what's inappropriate? Why the fuck is Cheryl here when I'm not even allowed to speak to the other men?

The room stays silent.

TARA
I just want to tell someone that I've forgiven my mother. I didn't really plan on it, it just sort of happened?

SIMONE
How does that feel?

TARA
I don't know. I found out I was pregnant before coming in here... I was so terrified of making the same mistakes she did, and I realized the other day, she didn't have any of the tools I do. She was just like, her own fucked up person.

Izzy rolls her eyes.

Esperanza tears up.

ESPERANZA
I wish so much I could say motherhood made me better...

STEFFI
What do you mean?

ESPERANZA
I didn't start using until I brought my daughter here. I thought the work would be better, but it was longer hours, I needed more jobs.

(MORE)

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

I never got to see them, and needed
the drugs to stay up for my jobs
for them, and now I don't know how
to get them back!

Tara walks over to Esperanza with a box of tissues.

IZZY

Maybe you should've thought about
your kids before getting yourself
addicted.

SIMONE

Izzy, keep it to yourself.

ESPERANZA

Are you a mother?

IZZY

Well-

ESPERANZA

Are you a mother?

STEFFI

She ain't even a woman.

IZZY

That doesn't mean I can't tell when
people are failing their kids.

TARA

Can you tell?

Sippi starts sobbing.

IZZY

God, will you shut the fuck
up?

LINDSAY

Sippi, what's up?

SIPPI

Y'all are such good moms, like you
give a shit. I'd do anything for
that.

CRYSTAL

Your mother seemed very nice!

IZZY

Oh yeah, what the fuck is
Crystal doing in here when
I'm not even allowed to speak
to the other men??

SIPPI

My mother's a fucking bitch
whore who belongs in jail.

SIMONE

You wanna talk about it?

Sippi shakes her head and keeps crying.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

It's okay, honey, it's what we're here for.

SIPPI

My dad rapes me, okay? My dad rapes me and my mom just let it happen.

IZZY

You and half of Pornhub.

SIPPI

The fuck did you just say?

STEFFI

Yo, what's wrong with you?

IZZY

What's wrong with all of you?? All you act like your problems actually matter, none of this fucking matters! The world could end tomorrow and none of this would fucking matter, we're all just alone and-

The door from the hall opens, Dr. Tran and Dr. Marshall move their way into the dorm.

SIPPI

Then go cut your tits off!

DR. TRAN

Eisenberg!

IZZY (CONT'D)

Go fuck your dad!

Sippi leaps across the room and pounces on Izzy, straddling her, punching her in the face and chest.

SIPPI

That's M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I,
bitch!!

Izzy spits blood onto Sippi's face while Simone and Lindsay pull them apart.

INT. DETOX ROOM, EVENING

Dr. Tran and Simone walk arm in arm with Izzy through the door.

MONICA

Welcome back, someone sneak in a little something-something and get sick?

IZZY

Why am I in here if she attacked me?

SIMONE

It's for your protection.

IZZY

What about programing?

DR. TRAN

What about it?

IZZY

I need to go to groups and meetings and-

DR. TRAN

You've been deemed a hazard for the other guests.

IZZY

So discharge me.

DR. TRAN

We can't do that until you've displayed some growth.

IZZY

How am I supposed to grow if I can't go to programming?

DR. TRAN

I don't know, Izzy. You're a grown woman, you can figure it out.

IZZY

I AM NOT A WOMAN!!

INT. LARRY AND LORI'S HOUSE, EVENING

Evan wears a pink wig and black dress, a full face of makeup and removable silicone breasts, surrounded by his parents, brothers, aunts and uncles.

He lights a pair of candle sticks.

ALL
... vetzivanu lehadlik ner shel
shabbat.

MINNIE
Thank you, thank you Isabel, it's
so lovely to have you home!

Evan sheepishly smiles.

His cousins Bryn and Paige whisper and laugh to each other.

MINNIE (CONT'D)
And as always, the patriarch
blesses the wine, Sammie?

While Sam blesses the wine, Evan wanders upstairs, and
examines the wall of family photos.

He notices in an old black and white photo a middle aged man
and young girl posed with Minnie and Sam, people he'd never
seen before.

EVAN
Who are you?

MINNIE
Who are you?

EVAN
Oh!

Grandma Minnie shuts the bathroom door behind her, staring
at Evan inquisitively.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Grandma, it's me, Izzy. We were
just downstairs together.

MINNIE
Oh! So sorry. I was looking at this
beautiful woman and forgot for a
moment...

Minnie struggles to balance on her cane. Evan grabs her arm,
and carefully walks her back towards the stairs.

EVAN
You don't have to say that.

MINNIE
You know, my vision isn't that bad
for some people my age. You look
just like your mother.

EVAN

Yeah, especially before I shave in the morning.

Minnie frowns.

MINNIE

You know, I'm not the brightest, I didn't have the opportunity to get an education like you could've. But I still feel ashamed for having been fooled.

EVAN

Foiled?

MINNIE

I believed you, Evan! Isabel! I went against every bone in my body to support you through what you did. Because I truly believed you. I truly believed it would make you happy.

Evan averts his gaze.

EVAN

I believed me too.

MINNIE

What happened?

EVAN

Do you like being a woman?

MINNIE

Um... You know, I haven't really thought about it. Whether or not I "like" it. I enjoy my femininity. But it's not easy. It certainly wasn't easy when I was young! No freedoms.

EVAN

No, not like we have freedoms now.

MINNIE

But I am a woman. And I found power in that. You will too.

EVAN

Thank you for saying that.

MINNIE

Does all this mean you want to be a mother?

EVAN

Um... you know, I haven't really thought about it.

They arrive back downstairs.

LORI

Come here mom, your plate's at the table!

Evan wanders into the kitchen where a couple female cousins are hanging out.

PAIGE

It's so embarrassing, when I first saw her, I legit thought she was her brother in-

BRYN

Izzy, hey! Love the hair, so fun.

EVAN

Thanks, how you been?

MAGGIE

You know, my friend from Rodef Shalom does wigs, she can get you a natural color for-

LUCY

He didn't ask, mom!

CAROLINE

She.

LUCY

She right.

BRYN

Is it she? Or are you just like, doing a drag thing?

EVAN

It's not a drag thing... I'm just experimenting. I dunno.

JORDAN

Right... well, I hope it's a blast!

PAIGE
Oh my god, did you guys see the new
Rizzo video?

BRYN
Ew!

CAROLINE
Oh my god, why even bring it
up?

JORDAN
She's hotter than any of you guys.

PAIGE
You're saying that cuz your husband
won't buy you lipo...

Evan wanders away from the kitchen over to some of the guys
playing a round of poker on the couches.

EVAN
Deal me in?

ADAM
Ante's \$500.

EVAN
Just for fun?

DANIEL
Dude, what are you even doing here?

EVAN
What do you mean?

DANIEL
Jesus, Ev- Izzy.

ARI
Probably hoped her brother would be
here.

JACOB
Dude, shut up!

Evan wanders back through the dining room, where Sam and
Larry are slinging back second glasses of wine.

LARRY
You can't actually perceive BLM as
a threat.

SAM

It's not a threat, just a reminder. The best slave owners treated those animals so well, they couldn't see that they weren't free. The better we take care of our people, the more likely they are to fall into complacency.

LARRY

How are we supposed to treat them any better? They have credit, they can vote.

SAM

I dunno. I dunno. Best we can do is keep encouraging the divide.

LARRY

And what happens when that divide goes too far?

SAM

Isabel! I didn't see you over there. Tell Larry what all those riots you saw in the city were like.

Evan walks over to them.

LARRY

Hey, good to see you, Ev- Izzy. You look great.

Sam hands Evan a glass of wine.

SAM

I think you've come far enough in your recovery.

EVAN

Uh, yeah, thanks.

At the dining room table, Ann

Evan goes back into the living room.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Bernie, Mel, Moe, Bernie, Mel, Moe, great to see you guys!

LADY BERNIE

Now, who is this now?

GENT BERNIE
This is Ilene!

EVAN
No, Bernie, I'm Izzy!

GENT MOE
I thought you said you were a
lesbian or something, what's with
the boobs now?

Evan walks back into the dining room.

A little girl and boy are seated at the table, clearing off
their plates.

The little boy picks up a wishbone off his plate.

SCOTTIE
Make a wish!

ANNIE
Wish for what?

SCOTTIE
Anything you want!

ANNIE
Anything?

Annie grabs one of the ends; the bone snaps; Annie holds
onto the larger piece.

SCOTTIE
What did you wish for?

ANNIE
I can't tell you!

Evan notices human eyes in the bowl of what had just been
olives on the table in front of them, and ignores it.

EVAN
Just... trying to make myself feel
better while I figure myself out
and find what I'm healing from. I
dunno.

LADY MEL.
Huh.

GENT MEL

Well, Izzy... all cats are grey in the dark, eh? I know that body is still as lady as it ever was...

A woman on horseback rides through the living room. Nobody but Evan seems to notice.

EVAN

Huh?

The wallpaper has suddenly been replaced by wooden logs.

The men and women vanish and meld with one another.

Everyone is gone but Sam, Carrie, Davey, Jonah, and an old witch.

Evan sees Young Isabel reflected back at him in the window.

INT. CABIN, NIGHT

Wind howls violently out the window. An antler chandelier hangs above the table, a ladder leads up to a small loft. Logs are stacked near a wood burning stove. The walls and windows are decorated with carved wooden bears and western expansion paraphernalia - old maps, stereotyped portraits of Native Americans, a poster for Buffalo Bill.

A small dog curls up by the stove.

The Witch quietly hums along to a theremin she plays.

Davy and Jonah dig their hands into the bowl of olives and eyeballs; Sam and Carrie just laugh and look at Isabel, waiting for her to react.

ISABEL

Wait- how am I- are we-

CARRIE

"How- what-" Did it just kick in?

ISABEL

What?

CARRIE

The acid, stupid little bitch!

SAM

He'd be so disappointed in you.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

What- who?

SAM
Your brother.

Izzy glances at Davey and Jonah.

JONAH
Your twin, dumbass!

ISABEL
I don't-

Sam moves closer to Isabel and holds her hand.

SAM
Otis hates you because you're
retarded. I wish it weren't like
this.

Sam sucks on Isabel's finger.

She runs to the bathroom and slams the door.

The Witch plays her theremin in the tub.

CARRIE
It's too late to hide this time,
Isabel!

In the Witch's place in the tub stands Grandma Minnie.

ISABEL
Mom, what's he talking about?
What's happening?

Sam starts banging on the door with all his weight.

CARRIE
Please, I'm not your mother!

Sam gets the door open. Isabel tries to close it back shut,
but slams her finger.

SAM
You can't hide from me, bitch! I'm
the king of the world!

Davey and Jonah drag Isabel out of the bathroom and pin her
to the ground.

DAVEY
Oh- and I'm not your real brother!

ISABEL
But - no, what?

JONAH

Remember when he was gone for like,
two months for an ear surgery and
came back a head taller with
perfect hearing, demanding we call
him Max?

SAM

She can't remember anything.

DAVEY

Yeah, he lives with some inbred
family in Georgia. They stuck him
on an episode of Gloria Florida-

CARRIE

She doesn't even watch that show!

ISABEL

What are you talking about? Where
is my mother?? WHO is she? Who are
you???

SAM

Your mother is my twin sister.
She's in LA.

Sam pulls off Isabel's pants and underwear, and starts
touching her. She tries to kick and scream, to no avail.

SAM (CONT'D)

You were supposed to be a huge star
and have babies with Otis, but all
of your siblings hate you because
you're retarded.

Carrie keeps laughing and sobbing as Davey and Jonah suck
and bite off chunks of Isabel's breasts.

SAM (CONT'D)

But I still love you, Princess!

Young Otis Lort suddenly appears standing behind Sam with a
dusty red baseball cap and old shovel.

SAM (CONT'D)

I love you so, so-

Sam starts eating - biting off, chewing, and swallowing.

Otis hits Sam in the head with his shovel.

EXT. OASIS, EVENING

Crystal waves crash against white sand, reflecting a pink-purple sky as a red sun creeps towards the horizon.

Isabel lays on the ground, her brown hair splayed out, as she tries to catch her breath.

She clutches at her chest - she has no injury. She sits up.

OTIS

Wanna take over and give me a hand
with this?

Izzy catches his shovel, throws it on the ground, and lies back down.

ISABEL

Nope.

Otis frowns, standing next to an elaborate sand castle, nearly 10 feet tall - partially complete, segments of it still shapeless mounds.

OTIS

Yo, Isabel!

ISABEL

What?

OTIS

You're gonna get the fuck up and
help me finish this!

Isabel groans, picks up the shovel, and approaches the castle.

ISABEL

What is this?

Otis smooths out some of the sandcastles edges with his hands.

OTIS

It's all we've got.

He takes off his cap and wipes his brow.

He gets on his knees and starts digging a moat with his hands.

The waves are landing only a few meters away.

OTIS (CONT'D)

What I give you that shovel for?

Isabel starts helping him dig out the moat.

ISABEL

I don't understand.

Otis starts adding windows and roof detailing to the castle.

OTIS

What's there to understand?

ISABEL

We've been here before.

OTIS

Yeah.

ISABEL

And we're nowhere.

OTIS

Not quite.

ISABEL

What's the point of this?

The waves crash closer. Further out at sea, they begin to crest higher.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

It's not gonna last.

Night has settled overhead, their work illuminated by a full moon.

OTIS

That's exactly why we're doing it.
Got to make the most of what we've
got right now, here, because this
is all we have.

Isabel uses the end of the shovel to carve in more details.

She finds a couple twigs to stick in one of the tower windows.

ISABEL

I guess it's not so bad with that
perspective.

OTIS

You know I don't hate you, right?

Suddenly, wooden planks beneath the sand Isabel stands on collapse, along with a section of the sandcastle. She screams and drops into a dark pit.

INT. LUMBER PIT

ISABEL
OTIS!

OTIS
ISABEL!

ISABEL
I NEED YOU!

OTIS
I CAN'T REACH YOU!

ISABEL
HELP ME!

Otis digs through his pockets and finds a matchbook; he throws it down to her.

OTIS
It's all I've got! Good luck!

Isabel lights a match; a breeze blows it out.

ISABEL
OTIS??

She starts crying, and sits on the ground.

She sits next to a small, burnt candle.

She lights it with the match - the candle light reveals, a few feet away, a dusty old Russian doll, about the size of a loaf of bread, painted up like a ballerina.

Isabel opens the doll.

Someone howls in the shadows.

ISABEL (CONT'D)
Who's there?

A woman laughs.

HAIRY WOMAN
It's only me.

ISABEL
Show yourself!

Isabel holds out the candle in front of her, trying to find the source of the voice amidst the broken planks of wood and darkness.

HAIRY WOMAN
Look at you, giving orders.

A striking young woman with hair on half her face steps into streaks of moonlight.

Isabel screams.

ISABEL
Don't hurt me!

HAIRY WOMAN
I'm not gonna hurt you, honey, I am you.

ISABEL
You're a monster!

HAIRY WOMAN
Can't two monsters get along?

ISABEL
I need help, I need to get out of here.

HAIRY WOMAN
Look around you.

Isabel's candle finds the Russian doll, more sand and lumber.

ISABEL
There's nothing down here.

HAIRY WOMAN
Where did you look when you found me?

Isabel kneels back down at the Russian doll - the second layer painted up as a little bear - and opens it.

Someone yawns from above.

A sloth-human creature blinks at Isabel, hanging upside down from wooden planks.

SLOTH
I've been dreaming about you.

ISABEL

Why?

SLOTH

You're fascinating. So many mistakes, so much potential.

ISABEL

Well - What, like-

SLOTH

Please, darlin, I've gotten more done in the week than you have in the last year.

HAIRY WOMAN

Aaaaooooohhh!!

Isabel walks backwards away from the Hairy Woman and sloth.

ISABEL

How on earth would you know-

Isabel glances at the Russian doll again. It's third layer painted as a fortune teller.

She opens it up.

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

Pardon me-

A girl in a raggedy white dress steps forward from behind Isabel. Her hair is kept short and trim - her face is absent, excepting her eyes, large and unblinking.

ISABEL

I mean it, don't hurt me!!

EYES WITHOUT A FACE

I just wanted to show you something.

The faceless woman, still staring, points to the farthest end of the pit, complete darkness.

EYES WITHOUT A FACE (CONT'D)

There's ways out you haven't found yet.

ISABEL

I can't go over there, I don't know what's back there!

EYES WITHOUT A FACE
Keep looking inside.

Isabel cracks open a final doll, painted like a princess - from it, a disco ball erupts, hovering above, reflecting the candle and moonlight onto every surface.

In the far reaches of the pit, Isabel sees a pile of ropes.

ISABEL
How did you guys-

SLOTH
Get to work!

Isabel runs to the ropes, and ties a loop on one end.

She tries to throw it around one of the planks overhead and misses.

ISABEL
Little help?

The sloth snores.

HAIRY WOMAN
Have we not been helpful?

Isabel adjusts the loop she tied, throws it again over a plank, and gets it to secure.

She climbs the rope and hoists herself out of the pit.

ISABEL
Thank you!

EYES WITHOUT A FACE
Thank yourself!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAWN

Faint sun beams illuminate the sandcastle through pine trees.

Isabel gets her bearings, standing on sand, pine needles and fallen leaves on sloping ground.

A dog barks somewhere further up on the mountain.

ISABEL
Phoenix?

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE, DAWN

Anthony briskly paces several meters in front of Evan, who is dressed for a hike in a wig and thick foundation, hunched and heaving.

EVAN

Why'd you drag me here?

ANTHONY

It's beautiful! Why'd you come out here?

EVAN

Well, my family-

Anthony stops to turn back at Evan.

ANTHONY

They're over it! Okay? We're all fucking over it! The endless bullshit from you is just-

EVAN

Yeah? So what? You think I'm happy with it?

They begin hiking forward again.

ANTHONY

So you thought you could come out here and fix things for everyone? They don't give a shit anymore.

EVAN

I don't give a fuck if they don't give a shit. They're all I've got! I have to fix things with them for ME! I have to fix things for ME! I'm here for ME!

An ARROW comes shooting through the trees between the two of them.

INT. BUSHWICK MOTEL ROOM, DAWN

Otis jerks forward in his bed, dripping in a cold sweat.

Neon flashes through the window shades; he groans, and hears a man outside.

ALEX

Whoa, God, oh God, I know you're up there, know you're granting me serenity...

Otis peaks out the window, still catching his breath.

A tall, thin white man in a filthy trench coat several sizes too small and one oversized sneaker, one bare foot, paces in circles, swinging his arms and body, howling.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And I gotta say I thank you, it's been the wildest ride! I know I'm being tortured, but I've seen some beautiful shit out here, oh, Lord!

OTIS

Oh, Christ.

He throws his head back into his pillow, but doesn't try to close his eyes, just stares blankly at the ceiling.

ALEX

But Lord Oh Lord, God, why do you hide? We have so much to show you! And we're sick, God, we're so sickiiiiiiiiiii-

Otis lurches back up and sticks his head out the window.

OTIS

Hey, buddy, are y-

A woman in Doc Martens, cargo pants, a pink wig, and trenchcoat sleeves rolled up to reveal a massive section of solid black tattooed on her forearm approaches Alex under Otis's window.

Otis hops out of bed and throws his clothes on in a flurry.

ALEX

Excuse me, Miss- Oh, sorry, Sir, could you spare-

The woman in the wig doesn't stop to hear him, but hands him a cigarette.

EXT. BUSHWICK STREETS, DAWN

Otis runs out of his hotel and down the street, not entirely confident of his direction.

Alex stops him. His eyes are completely bloodshot.

ALEX

Are you one of the good ones? Can I
have a dollar?

Otis opens his wallet - he only has hundred dollar bills,
hands one to Alex, and keeps running.

He spots the woman in the wig, and trips on a woman passed
out and shaking in her own vomit. He tears the knee of his
pants, looks at what caused his stumble, and nearly vomits
himself.

He lost the woman in the wig - he starts running again. He
finally catches up to her as turns a corner.

A guy with bleached hair and a selfie stick lambasts Otis
from nowhere.

VLOGGER

OTIS! OTIS! What are you in town
working on?

Across the street, two men in raggedy jeans, sweatshirts and
sneakers, but brand new Yankees caps, film from their
phones.

OTIS

Fuck off!

He keeps running, and takes a look around. She's gone.

She steps out of a bodega and lights a cigarette.

He freezes and takes a few steps backwards, tripping on and
falling into a pile of trash bags.

The woman in the wig turns to look at the noise, fixes her
headphones, and keeps walking.

Otis's phone rings.

He stands up, clothes covered in some unknown liquid, and
tries to shake it off.

OTIS (CONT'D)

What?

SAM

Where are you?

Otis grimaces.

SAM (CONT'D)
Forget I asked. Why aren't you at home?

OTIS
Why should I be at home?

SAM
Your ex-wife is in the hospital.
You're gonna miss the birth of your only legitimate child?

OTIS
Is it a legitimate child?

SAM
What's that supposed to mean?

OTIS
I don't know. I don't know.

SAM
Where are you?

OTIS
Dad-

SAM
I thought I warned you to keep away.

Across the street, the men in hats hop into a brand new luxury black car, keeping their cameras on Otis.

SAM (CONT'D)
Did you really think paying for a room in cash would keep me off you?

Otis starts running back towards his hotel.

The goons drive after him.

He changes directions, and runs up to a train platform.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

More goons are on they train; they all angle their phone cameras at him. He tries to keep his hood down low.

He crosses through the cars until he finds an emptier one.

A group of street performers immediately enter his car.

BREAKDANCER

Ladies and gentleman, welcome to
New York, we got a very special
showtime for you today!

His friend turns on a boombox.

BREAKDANCER (CONT'D)

We are blessed with the presence of
the one and only-

Otis runs into one of the other train cars.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET

Otis sticks his arm out, and a cab pulls over. They drive a
couple blocks before the cabbie starts doing double-takes in
his rear-view mirror.

CABBIE

Hey, you that movie star?

Otis exits the cab.

The cabbie hops out of his seat.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

What, you can't afford me?! You
piss cash, you can't piss on me?

Otis runs. The cabbie tries to chase after him, and is cut
off by a truck pulling a billboard for an upcoming Blake
concert.

INT. FANCY HOTEL

Otis stands in the hallway, out of breath with a bouquet of
roses.

He bangs on the door.

EMILIA

I'm not hungry!

Otis knocks out a rhythm and whistles.

A tiny teenege girl opens the door, in a long crochet dress,
and her jaw drops.

OTIS

Congrats on the album charting!

Emilia smiles.

EMILIA
Shouldn't you be-

Otis pushes inside, engulfing her.

OTIS
I should be with the one who
matters to me.

INT. DETOX ROOM, AFTERNOON

Izzy stares at the ceiling and hears a bang on the door.

IZZY
I'm not hungry.

MONICA
You're checking out.

Izzy stands up and walks towards the door.

IZZY
But I haven't even seen a doctor
today, why are they releasing me?

MONICA
Take it up with them in an email.

INT. TRANQUIL FOREST RECEPTION AREA, EVENING

Carrie, Lori, Larry, Ernie, Ilene stand around near the doors.

Grandma Minnie sits on a couch, flipping through a tabloid.

ILENE
How long is this gonna take?
Previews start in 15 minutes!

ERNIE
I didn't ask to come here.

CARRIE
Hey, we're showing a united front
of support for her healing, right?

Sam interrogates the receptionist.

SAM
So I heard correctly? We can't just
take her out of here?

Esperanza comes into the lobby and makes a call on the payphone.

RECEPTIONIST

No sir, she did not complete the treatment, and the doctors are only releasing her on the condition that she receives treatment elsewhere. However per your application, the total amount for services will still be owed at-

SAM

Hold on, hold on. She's not gonna get any better, why are the doctors trying to force her onto some other saps instead of figuring her out on their own?

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I-

SAM

I personally know the director. I just want to know what's going on.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, the doctors have sorted it out with your wife, and your daughter is going to continue treatment at a facility in Los Angeles.

SAM

Right, I want to discharge her without that condition. Sending her to more treatment is just a waste of resources! Where is Dr. Rothschild?

Carrie quits her chit chat with Lori and Ilene and approaches to intervene.

CARRIE

I'm sorry, miss. Sammie, come here.

SAM

This is so stupid.

CARRIE

At least we'll have her out of our hair for a few months.

SAM

This is the last straw with her. If she doesn't get her shit together, everything we did was for nothing.

ILENE

Cut her off when she relapses. It's the only way.

LARRY

Well, no, you still gotta make sure she's taken care of and-

SAM

For what? Her time's behind her.

From the hallway, Rob and Bob enter, smiling.

From the entrance walks in Rob's wife and newborn daughter.

CARRIE

Sam, we've put too much work into her to drop the act now. Whaddya wanna do? She wants to play make believe as a boy, let her. She wants to poison herself into retardation, let her. You gotta let go of control and just play the part.

Esperanza hangs up the pay phone.

ESPERANZA

She will never get better if that's how you want to treat her when she's sick!

SAM

What did you just say?

CARRIE

Listen, lady, Isabel's a real piece of work, and it isn't your goddamned business. You would be horrified if you knew what we do to keep her world together and-

ESPERANZA

Yes, it is my business! When you come in here and talk your business all in front of the world it is everybody's business! You people are-

LORI

Oh, "you people"? Wanna talk about "you people"? Talking about my family?

ESPERANZA
You are not a family!

Izzy enters with Monica; Grandma Minnie perks up.

GRANDMA MINNIE
Oh, Shayna, you look beautiful!

Carrie scowls; Esperanza shakes.

ESPERANZA
You are not family! You don't know
love and you don't know how to love
your daughter! I look at her
problems and I see you all in the
middle of them, she doesn't even
know who she is, whose fault is
that?

Sam scoffs.

CARRIE
Please, look at where you are. Do
you even have custody?

Esperanza slaps Carrie.

Izzy enters into the lobby with Monica, and drops a stack of
binders in shock.

ILENE
Security! Security! There's been an
assault!

I/E. CABIN, MORNING

Another arrow lands near Evan and Anthony; they run over the
ridge from where it came.

They hear the rhythmic chopping of an axe, and the wailing
of a young girl. They move closer, and see Isabel, nude,
crawling up the mountainside towards the cabin.

Carrie comes stomping outside carrying clothing.

Isabel tries to speak, but words don't form.

CARRIE
Come here, little slut!

She aggressively pulls undies, jeans, and a sweatshirt over
Isabel, shaky and unbalanced.

ISABEL
What happened?

CARRIE
We gave you LSD.

Isabel sobs.

ISABEL
Again? Where's my mother?

CARRIE
Los Angeles. She doesn't give a
shit about you. Come here.

Carrie drags Isabel back inside.

Isabel grabs a knife from the kitchen as they enter, and
runs towards Sam, asleep on the couch.

Carrie picks her up and takes her to the bedroom; Isabel
drops the knife.

ISABEL
Please, please, can you just stop?

CARRIE
Of course not.

ISABEL
Why not just kill me?

CARRIE
Because then we couldn't keep
fucking you.

ISABEL
Why-

CARRIE
Jesus, 'why'? 'Why?' I can't do
this anymore!! Stupid bitch. Swear,
you're getting too old for this.

ISABEL
Just stop!!

CARRIE
I swear to Satan, the next time you
wake up, you're gonna remember, and
you're gonna get the fuck out of
here! It isn't worth it. Just look
at the grays you've given me!

Sam snores from the main room.

Jonah's axe keeps swinging.

Isabel sobs and continues thrashing.

Carrie holds Isabel down with the weight of her body while she reaches for a gas canister from under the bed. She holds a mask over Isabel's face.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Now, rest up for your violin
recital tomorrow. It's gonna be a
big week!

An arrow flies through the bedroom window, shattering the glass, and hitting a wooden bear sculpture right between the eyes.

Carrie jumps back and screams; and Izzy rolls off the bed. Carrie runs towards the door.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
This is private property!!

Evan comes storming in through the front door and dodges Carrie, who swings about the anesthesia canister.

As Jonah holds his axe up behind Evan, an arrow hits him straight in the head, and he topples over.

Evan turns and stabs Davey in the face as he comes in through the front door, stepping over Jonah's corpse.

Sam finally rises from the couch. Isabel grabs her violin and smashes it over his head, breaking the wood frame in two and causing him to stumble back.

Carrie drops to her knees and her eyes bulge as, from behind, Isabel pulls the violin strings across her neck.

INT. GALA BATHROOM, NIGHT

Diamond-encrusted stilettos tap on the marble floor of a bathroom stall. The woman wearing them sing/hums to herself

KAY
Pretty tinkles, pretty tinkles,
make your pee pee pretty-

Soft cries come from the stall next to her.

Hayley storms through the doors, dressed in white and pink, lace and frills, her red hair curled into pigtails.

She stops at the mirror, takes a long silver spoon out of her purse, and induces vomit in the sink.

KAY (CONT'D)

Ew, Kamila, I thought you were taking pills now?

Kay exits the stall in diamond-crusted latex, squeaking with every step. Her hair is piled in an up-do several feet above her head, supporting a diamond-crusted model private jet.

KAY (CONT'D)

Oh. You're not Kamila... I thought you were going up half a size?

Hayley runs the tap and touches up her lips.

HAYLEY

Daddy says if I get any bigger I'll look too grown. So I actually have to lose a size if I want the next album marketed at all.

The soft cries from the second stall turn into sobs.

KAY

Oh... Well, Daddy knows best.

Otis pushes the door open, in jeans and a t-shirt.

OTIS

Come on, Emilia, let me explain!

The stall swings open. Emilia wears a cream pantsuit, hair polished back, and a delicate body chain around her neck and waist. Eyeliner runs down her face; a false eyelash sticks to her cheek.

HAYLEY

Hey, just cuz you can't use a urinal doesn't mean you can be in here!

OTIS

Baby, you didn't even see what I got you, look, you're gonna glow!

Otis takes a large diamond necklace out his pocket. She throws it at the mirror.

KAY

I would've worn that...

EMILIA

Why aren't you going out there with me?

OTIS

Baby, in a few years-

EMILIA

It's been a few years, I'm ready now!

OTIS

Izzy's in Colorado.

MARIANA

What?

KAY

Uh oh's...

EMILIA

I thought you said she didn't matter.

OTIS

You never saw me.

Otis darts through the bathroom and climbs out the window.

Emilia throws a soap dispenser at it; it shatters.

I/E. SPORTS CAR/HIGHWAY, NIGHT

Otis's car jerks several lanes over to catch an exit, speeding.

He starts scrolling through his phone.

He unzips his pants.

He stares at a photo of Young Isabel, and starts jerking and huffing.

I/E. TRANQUIL FOREST, EVENING

An ambulance and two cop cars pull up to the entrance, sirens blaring.

The paramedics take out a patient on a stretcher - Dr. Tran lays strapped down and unconscious. The paramedics push him through the Johnsons, huddled at the door, and straight past reception, who doesn't look up from her keyboard.

RECEPTIONST

Welcome to Tranquil Hills, how are you funding your stay?

Bob beams and cries holding his new granddaughter.

BOB

I love you so much, BJ!

Rob's Wife grabs Rob's hand and smiles.

ROB

I love you too, BS!

Outside, three cops circle around Carrie.

Ilene tries to grab one by the shoulders; he elbows her in the nose.

CARRIE

Self defense? Self defense? So
you're just not gonna do anything?

COP 1

I'm going to need you to calm
yourself down.

LORI

You're really gonna take that
spic's word over ours?

I/E. CABIN, MORNING

Izzy tosses the car keys hanging at the door to Anthony; the dog barks at the flames, fully engulfing the cabin.

Anthony tries to start up the SUV and the ignition fails.

While Evan slits Davey's throat, Carrie tries to chase after Isabel, still choking. She trips over Jonah's corpse as Isabel grabs the dog and hops in the car.

ANTHONY

IZZY, LET'S GO!

Phoenix runs around near the car, wagging his tail, carrying a bloody arrow in his mouth.

Evan presses the knife against Sam's cock, shaking, as Sam cradles Evan's head, tears welling.

SAM

You... You've gone mad.

Evan drops the knife, and grabs Sam's face.

EVAN

You were always mad.

I/E. SPORTS CAR/HIGHWAY, NIGHT

An car pulls up next to Otis, with a blond baby girl in the right back seat. She sucks on a lollipop.

Still jacking to Izzy, he makes eye contact with the baby.

His dick, no bigger than his thumb and bearing a gigantic wart, oozes cum.

He flips his car, landing in flames.

INT. AIRPLANE, NIGHT

Izzy stares out the window of a plane as it approaches LAX.

Carrie reads a book: "Don't Let Your Kids Kill You: A Guide for Parents of Drug and Alcohol Addicted Children".

Next to her, Izzy holds a notepad with a list of male names, most crossed out. 'Evan' and 'Otis' are circled.

I/E. SUV/CABIN, MORNING

Anthony finally starts the car just as Evan hops in the front seat, wig bloody and ajar, and they tear down the mountain away from the burning cabin.

Carrie rises to her feet, tries to scream, chokes on the smoke, and topples back over.

ISABEL

Um... Who are you?

EXT. HIGHWAY, NIGHT

The baby girl lies motionless on the pavement, surrounded by shards of broken glass reflecting the flames on the Hollywood sign above.

THE ARISTOCRATS